JOHN BULL

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No. 323788

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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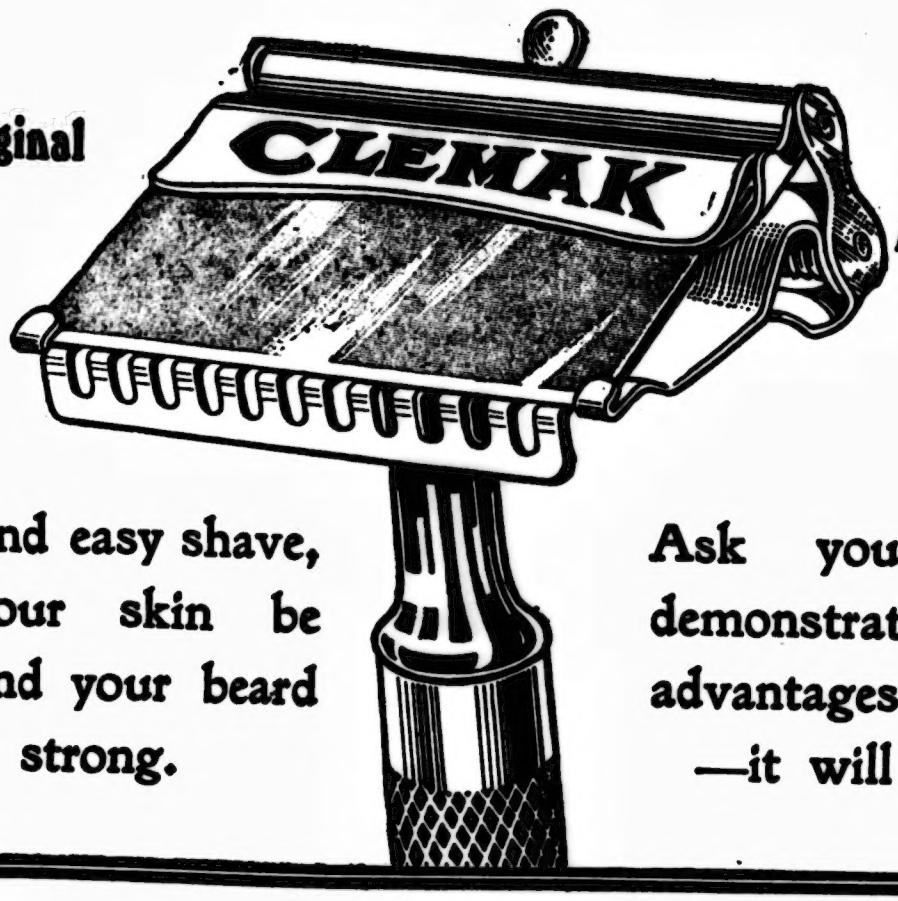

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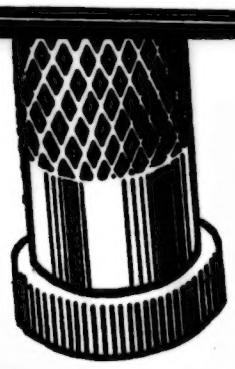

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JOHN BULL.

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Vol. VII. No. 168. Saturday, August 21st, 1909. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Every year that the King goes to Marienbad, the papers begin by reporting that he has been mobbed by zealous visitors, forced to seek out secluded walks, scarcely even daring to listen to the band.. Then with similar regularity we are told that His Majesty has suffered less from "obtrusive visitors," that everybody has really behaved quite nicely, and that all is for the best in the best of all possible spas. We almost wonder whether the municipality pays for the contradiction. In any case, statements which are repeated year after year can scarcely continue to be regarded as very special news.

Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., has elbowed his way to the front among the Tories to some purpose. To most of the leading lights of the Opposition he is as a comet to a candle; and though his game for the time is to uppercut Mr. Churchill in the pugilistic ring of politics, he is, in fact, the Winston of the Tories—brilliant, dashing, alert, and a mighty young man with the phrases. His speech at Bicester was a good sample of his oratorical style. It makes us smile to read of his describing Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill as two young men in a hurry, for on a platform, or in the law courts. Mr. Smith looks even more youthful than Mr. Churchill himself, who, by the way, is beloved of him.

The Special Commissioner of the JOHN BULL LEAGUE will commence operations at the end of the present month. London will be taken in hand first—starting with the North East district Mass Meeting early in October. Form of application for membership will be issued regularly in this journal.

"The Carmelite House papers," writes one of our correspondents, "are now worrying about The Right Age to Marry. I have no personal experience. But judging from that of several of my friends, I should say that a man should never marry before he is fifty, when he ought to be old enough to know better. "Oh! these cynics."

A beauty show might be all very well if it tended to the encouragement of beauty. But when the candidates are permitted to canvass and turn the local hotels into committee-rooms, when beauty specialists come from London to offer "free training," when unknown foreigners are invited over to compete against local favourites who have already commandeered the local vote and interest, the proceedings are reduced to a farce. Even given fair play, we should imagine that the ordinary voter would be unduly influenced by considerations of costume. Besides, voice and charm of manner are quite as important as classical features, and it is impossible to afford a sufficiently close examination when candidates are ranged like dummies on a platform.

It is satisfactory to hear that Mr. Harry Thaw will not be released yet awhile. Miscarriages of what passes for justice in America have been so frequent that one more scandal of such magnitude would almost have called for intervention by civilised powers. Surely it is bad enough that Thaw should continue to enjoy the hospitable comforts of a Yankee gaol without the application of electricity.

The longer the Censorship of Plays Committee sits and the more evidence it takes, the clearer it becomes that there is not the slightest ground for retaining the ornamental court functionary. It is absurd to assume there is a conspiracy among such men as Mr. Barrie, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Cecil Raleigh, to foist immoral plays upon the British public. Than that there is nothing more to be said. When you have reduced the dramatic censorship to an absurdity you have exposed it as an outrage.

A gentleman "living in the suburbs" desires us to say a blessing on the labours of the International Conference for the Abatement of Street Noises, recently held at the Ritz Hotel. We should first like to know whether the Conference intends to start with the abatement of the motor 'bus or the milkman.

Writing in our issue of July 31st, we said that "stripped of all valuation technicalities, the Land Clauses (of the Budget) are popular . . . 'Ungotten minerals,' however, will never do." "If you see it in JOHN BULL . . . !"

Latest intelligence: M. Blériot has been elected an honorary member of the Motor Club. That is almost unkind.

The Morning Leader has a strange heading to some Paris paragraphs:

NEWS IN FRENCH.
NOS RUES NE SONT PAS SURES.

Fancy calling that news!

Once more the Channel swimmers are busy. Judging by results, they had better start flying.

We hope that Parliament will reject the proposed grant of £45,000 to Lieut. Shackleton. He is, no doubt, a plucky young man, with a well-developed sense of adventure. But his Antarctic exploits benefit nobody, and he must have earned quite enough by his lectures and articles to cover the cost of any further wanderings which he may be tempted to undertake.

We read that "Mr. Balfour has definitely promised to go to Birmingham next month." Personally, we should not be very surprised if he went to Windsor—or Marienbad.

Lord Kitchener's acceptance of the post of High Commissioner and Field Marshal Commanding in the Mediterranean gives some colour to the supposition that the Duke of Connaught did not make as much of his job as he might have done. It used to be said that Bobs didn't advertise. In these days this can be said with greater truth of Kitchener than Bobs. He is perhaps the least of the fancy-works in the whole British Army. He was the organiser of victory in the Sudan. He was the organiser of victory—what there was of it—in the Transvaal. Some day it may have to be said of him that he was the organiser of victory in India. He is not the sort of man to jump into a sinecure merely to save the face of a War Minister. Evidently there is something in this Mediterranean post which the Duke has not been able to see. In the meantime, Kitchener is still kept away from the War Office, as we predicted would be the case.

We note that the Bournemouth Tramways Committee have had to climb right down in regard to their scheme to increase the tramway fares. Not long ago they took very high ground, and started to crow like an early-morning rooster on a hillock. But the arithmetic was against their effort to meet a big deficiency by making the public pay through the nose. The public wouldn't pay, and the committee will have to find some other way of making the balance-sheet look more rosy. Even the goody-goodies, who have the Bournemouth Corporation under thumb, appear to have turned their eyes to heaven and walked to meetings, rather than be mulct in additional expense. Perhaps in the end the committee will have the courage to throw the whole lot overboard and run Sunday trams. This would probably go a long way to put the finances in a healthier condition. And thousands of residents and visitors would rejoice.

Things clearly are not always what they seem, at all events not when you take food at Lockhart's. This firm of caterers for the poor have recently been spreading upon the slices of bread sold across their counters in London a composition supposed to be butter, but which in fact "consisted for the most part of foreign fat, the rest being water, curd, and salt." It was alleged, on behalf of Lockhart's at the hearing of the summonses, that they posted notices in the shop, stating that the slices of bread sold were spread with "a mixture of best Danish butter and margarine." But that defence won't do. As the magistrate pointed out, not only did they not give the purchaser what he asked for, but they pretended to give him something which they did not give him at all. He then described the conduct of the caterers as "gross carelessness." The observation is not quite as strong as the butter; but we will let it go at that.

The fact that a motor-car has scattered a large body of Territorials and necessitated a considerable number of them being taken to hospital may suggest to Mr. Haldane a new method of surprising the foreign foe when he lands on our unprotected shores. He has only to pass a short Act to increase the speed limit.

The "Distress Committee of the Burgh of Glasgow" has been inviting offers for the supply to the Palacerigg Labour Colony, Cumberbauld, of goods necessary to the sustenance of the unemployed. Among the tenders required is one for "fresh beef, fore-quarters, home-fed, prime ox, not less than six ribs per fore-quarter"; and this, it is to be noted, at a time when the product is scarce and dear! We do not wish the inmates of the Palacerigg Labour Colony to have thrust upon them an undue share of the simple life; but seeing that times are hard, and that many Glasgow citizens in employment are glad even to get the imported goods, it does not seem unreasonable to ask that they should bring down their appetites to something less "rekerky" than prime Scotch.

The red tape is always spinning out somewhere. There recently died at Luton, William Everitt, Bugler-Major of the late 3rd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment. He had been in the volunteers for a period of 34 years and held the Long Service and Good Conduct Medals. His volunteer record was of the highest. He was popular among officers and men alike. On all these grounds it seemed desirable that his last wish for a military funeral should be respected. The local commanding officer sanctioned the impressive display. The officers and men of the battalion arranged to put their work aside to attend. The local Orders, signed by the adjutant, were published, detailing the arrangements, and the ceremony was rehearsed, and up to within two hours of the time arranged, the whole battalion were looking forward to paying military honours to their old comrade. Then a bombshell fell among them. The officer commanding at Headquarters telegraphed countermanding the arrangements on the ground that the dead volunteer, with his 34 years of volunteer service behind him, had been too ill to sign on for the Territorials. This interference of Headquarters was a fussy and wholly unjustifiable bit of meddling.

Going into a public-house at Tonbridge on a Saturday evening, a bargeman left his little son, aged six, outside. Coming out, he missed the lad, who was eventually found drowned in the Medway. This may be regarded as one of the consequences, as the Coroner put it, of the Children Act, which forbids children being taken into public-houses. By-the-way, we wonder whether Mr. Asquith has recently made an excursion into the East End of London? If so, he probably has noticed sights which he never saw prior to the passing of the Act; one of them, for instance, being crowds of men and women drinking on the pavement from glasses handed out to them from inside, with dozens of children held in arms or tugging at skirts, or suckling at the breast. The Premier may think that this sort of thing helps the cause of Temperance. We don't.

What a strange, futile survival is that of sentries, when we come to think of it. From our windows, when the temperature is about 122 deg. in the sun, we can see men in thick red coats going through fantastic evolutions with guns and flashing bayonets. They march solemnly towards each other for a few yards, stand side by side for a few seconds, and then walk solemnly away without exchanging so much as a grunt. If we saw two of the lower animals behaving thus, we should comment on their lack of intelligence.

According to the latest Return, there are now 26,286 lunatics in London. This must be a miscalculation. Our impression is that there are several more whom the Commissioners have not noticed. They had better count again.

The latest silly season topic: What is the right age to marry?

A Birmingham man desires to erect a tombstone at Elford, near Tamworth, to the memory of his deceased brother. "As my late brother was all his life an exceptionally industrious man," says he, "I decided to have carved upon the stone, 'He Never Ate the Bread of Idleness.'" Our readers will agree that the inscription is neither fulsome, offensive, blasphemous, nor objectionable in any degree. Nevertheless, on its being put before the village parson that good man made strong objection, and is putting pressure upon our correspondent to substitute a Scriptural text. The Vicar's objection is narrow-minded and absurd. But if he persists in it our correspondent will have to alter the words or leave the grave without a tombstone. It should not, however, be difficult to find in a Biblical concordance a suitable text to express what he has in his mind.

The public has had a great deal of egregious slop ladled out to it during the past week or two by a gathering called "The Anti-Alcohol Congress"; and particularly shall we be asked to emulate the "Temperance" legislation of some of our Colonies. The Dean of Hereford, in welcoming the Colonial delegates, said "the Colonies and the United States not only gave English Temperance reformers their support, but they set us an example which he only wished we were able to follow." Lord Kinnaird chattered of the "practical victories" of our overseas friends; and others followed suit. Now, we are so fat-headed as to believe that our Colonies, and still more the United States, can teach Great Britain less than nothing in the art of government. In so far as they have grown strong for reasons other than possession of new natural resources, they have done so through following the ancient English example of developing the personal liberty of each in so far as it is compatible with the freedom of all. Nowhere in a civilised country is government worse, or more unpopular on the whole than in the "Dry" States of the American Union; and within twenty years America will have a revolution if she is not very careful. Some of our own people, led by Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., never tire of insulting the British working-man by suggesting that he is a drunken ne'er-do-well. As a matter of fact, he is the most skilled and industrious and efficient worker on earth. And ninety per cent. of him likes a drop of good beer, and will take care that he gets it. One of the German delegates says that "never once whilst in England have we been insulted by being offered alcoholic drink; in Germany it would have been otherwise." Yet the continuous progress of Germany is dinned into our ears: Germany, the champion beer-drinkers of the world, and the best educated!

We direct the attention of the New Zealand Emigration Agent to a complaint made against his department. Our own opinion of emigration generally is definite. Being patriots, we dislike the idea of our best and brightest being induced to leave England for England's ill on the precarious off-chance of another bob a week's wages and the certainty of much discomfort in distant lands over which our flag flies—until the particular colony is ready to make a flag of its own. New Zealand advertised that it wanted domestic servants. "Puzzled" applied for the usual assisted passage. "I am a working housekeeper," she says, "thoroughly domesticated, and have excellent references." Yet her application for aid to go to New Zealand has been refused "unaccompanied by any explanation." If "Puzzled" speaks truth, it is for the New Zealand authorities to say something. Courtesy is not among the costlier virtues.

Notwithstanding the defeat of the Licensing Bill the August Bank Holiday was the most sober on record. What says Sir Thomas Whittaker?

The holy men of Llangollen, the Calvinistic Methodist Sunday School Union to wit, are busy just now. They have forwarded a resolution to the Great Western Railway Company, requesting them to cease running Sunday trains, to the local Canal Company requesting them to stop running Sunday boats, to Territorial officers requesting them to discontinue Sunday drilling, to the Urban Council demanding that "shows, etc.," shall not be allowed to leave and enter Llangollen on Sundays, and to the Superintendent of Police calling his attention to Sunday trading. At the next meeting it is confidently anticipated they will pass a resolution calling on Llangollen householders to cease cooking the Sunday joint, and indulging in the Sunday wash. They will further, of course, call upon all good citizens to eschew the *Monday* paper.

Talking of the Welsh—there is also somewhat of a row in Prestatyn, because the local Golf Club has decided to open its links for Sunday play. The Wesleyans, the Methodists, the Calvinists, and all the rest of them, are on their hind legs at once in chapel, Sunday-school, tea-meeting, and Press, against this appalling sin. It appears that one preacher "spoke with great feeling against the attempt to secure a Continental Sunday for Prestatyn and to desecrate the Welshman's Day of Rest." Another pious person thundered that Prestatyn is in danger of becoming "a little Paris"—which reminds us of the man who was describing golf to a Frenchman. "You place the ball on the ground, so, and swish, so," he said. Then he swished and missed. "Zat ees goot," said the Frenchman. Again the ball was placed, and again missed. "Zat ees magnifique," said the Frenchman. Once more the teacher had another shot—and once more missed. "Eet is superbe," cried the Frenchman; "but, mon ami, what ees ze little ball for?" Think of running a Continental Sunday on a game like that. And Prestatyn a little Paris! "Paris in Prestatyn." There's a draw for you!

An old story, told and tested in numberless instances, is that the poor have a feeling akin to horror of applying for relief. Take the evidence at an inquest on a child in Hoxton where the jury returned the verdict, "Death from starvation and destitution owing to inability of the parents to provide food." The father had been unemployed for several weeks. His wife earned six shillings a week making boxes. Out of this, four shillings a week was paid in rent, and on the remaining two shillings the man, the woman, and their five children had lived. No sooner was the child dead than the woman appeared at the police-court on a summons for not sending one of her other children to school. The father was fined 5s., and being unable to pay, he was sent to prison. The Inspector of the R.S.P.C.C. paid a high tribute to the woman's industry, to the cleanliness of the impoverished home, and to the good fight she had put up single-handed against adversity. And on this came her own evidence. "I have often applied to the Guardians for relief," she told the coroner, "but I don't like to do it—they 'chip' you so." We have a long way to go yet, before we shall have solved the social problem. Will it *ever* be solved?

How is this? We rely for the facts upon the British Metal Engraving Company, Ltd., who complain of "the unfair methods employed by so many German firms in competing with their rivals in this country." Luppe and Heilbronner, of Munich, trade as the Standard Metal Engraving Co., Ltd.; Vereinigte Aetzwerke, of Munich, trade as the Globe Name Plate Co., Ltd.; and Kolb, of Munich, trade as the General Metal Engraving Co. Well, "it don't seem right" to us.

We rather like the idea of that American parson in Minneapolis. He does not care for modern woman's dress: thinks it indecent and so on. "To give finish to his discourse he illustrated it by producing pictures of local ladies clad in evening dress and Directoire gowns." He also "compared them with studies from the nude"—not, we presume, of the same ladies—and described the nude pictures as "the purer of the two in that they were not suggestive." Some of the ladies have entered actions for slander. They do not mean to allow the fact that they can wear a smart Directoire gown in a "suggestive" way to be forgotten. Their pictures have been in the Press and in the church; and now they are to be displayed in the Courts. Win or lose, these Minneapolis ladies—who ought really to have lived in Babylon, or under the Second Empire—will have their money's worth. But where are the Rev. R. J. Campbell and Father Vaughan? Their Minneapolis rival is getting right ahead of them.

Here is an amusing report of the proceedings of the Brighton Guardians:—

ANNUAL CRICKET MATCH.

At the close of the business the Chairman reminded the Guardians that the annual cricket match between the Board and Warren Farm School would take place at King's Farm, Dyke Road, this afternoon, at 2.30, and he added that Mr. King would be pleased to see the members and their wives.

A Guardian: Suppose one has not a wife, sir?

The Chairman: Provision will be made.

This is better than a matrimonial agency, and a foretaste of the delights of true municipal socialism.

Mr. Lloyd George will not fail to take careful note of the case of Lord Tankerville. He contracted to sell timber from his estates to James Jones and Sons, of Larbert, Stirlingshire, and they were entitled to cut down trees and set up saw-mills. Directly they proceeded to take advantage of their bargain he sent his men to drive the timber people away, wrecking their saw-mills and buildings. Mr. Justice Parker commented severely upon his "high-handed and illegal action," and condemned him to substantial damages. But a subservient Press has made no outcry, for your modern journalist loves a lord. The shadows of feudalism have not yet been dissipated from the land.

A certain man, who styles himself Captain Clarke, R.A.O.B., G.L.E., S.S.E.E. (a series of letters even more perplexing than those claimed by Lord Roberts), announces himself as "attempting to walk round the world in seven years for a wager, in a newspaper suit and penniless." He has worn out 37 pairs of boots already, he is accompanied by an 18-stone wife aged 23, and he "is neither allowed to beg, borrow or steal." So far, so good. We admire pluck and we are not horrified by the idea of a wager. But a correspondent informs us that the self-denying ordinance against stealing is not pressed too far. The precious couple came to his house and engaged a bed-sitting-room. On the third day they went out saying they would be home by eleven. But they have not been seen or heard of since, and their bill is still unpaid. We do not wish to express ourselves harshly about a man engaged upon a sporting adventure, but he may get himself into trouble if he does not adhere more rigidly to the terms of his wager.

Read this letter, from the *Bolton Chronicle*:—

Sir,—As regards the letter about the Beer Trade and Budget, I pay 16s. for 36 gallons of 4d., and give double measure. You can work it out. I lose a trifle on every load, and it is only by doing a large business that I can make it pay.

Now we can understand the ingenuity of those islanders who made a living by taking in each other's washing.

Attention should be focussed upon the case of Dr. Isaac Adams, of Saskatchewan, who received £307 odd from the Salvation Army to convey some Nestorian Christians from Persia to Canada. A year later the "Army" announced its intention to foreclose a mortgage on his property for the loan with 6 per cent. interest. Dr. Adams came to England and sent round the hat, but raised only £100. The "Army," however, consented to accept this, fearing another scandal. What an illustration of its philanthropy!

We cannot say that we are particularly delighted by the news that John Chinaman has begun to send us cargoes of pigs, and poultry, and game. No doubt the stuff is all right, although we confess that we have a preference for home-fed pork and bacon. Imagination, however, plays a big part in food; and there are stories told of the pretty ways of the Chinese and their ducks which will not assist the appetite. Still, they can, undoubtedly, send us plenty of good game, and our own people should be able to supply all reasonable requirements in the egg and poultry line. We believe it is the fact that small holders are rather afraid of ducks and geese because cows will not graze after them. But general farmers ought to raise far more ducks than they do; for they mature quickly and always find a ready sale. But, there! we are not a farming journal.

So desirous is Mr. E. H. Harriman, the American railroad magnate, of keeping the public at a respectful distance, that he has bought a long stretch of the main "highway," and has warned off "strangers and undesirables." In future, the public will "not be able to get nearer to Harriman," says one report, "than five miles." Some portions of the public no doubt would be happy if Harriman had never got nearer than this to them. Tastes differ so much.

A reader sends us an extract from a recent address by Dr. Knox, the Bishop of Manchester, in which he took the opportunity of vindicating Blackpool against certain aspersions upon it which appeared in these columns some time ago. He did not, however, think it necessary to add that we subsequently gave the other side an equal hearing, and then, at the request of the Town Clerk, closed the discussion. What the worthy Bishop did think it fit to do was to say, "There is sin enough in the world if you look for it, and there are some people who have as keen a scent for wickedness as a dog for filth." This comes appropriately enough from the ecclesiastic who—despite the fact that he has no authority for forbidding the ceremony—prevents the Rev. Mr. Foster, who had to divorce his first wife, from re-marrying. His Lordship must have a very crooked sort of nasal organ.

We note that the Foreign Office denies the reports of the Emperor Francis Joseph's rudeness at Ischl; but we know those official contradictions.

The weather is responsible for much. In the course of a police-court case it was stated that defendant "replied in such forcible language that the inspector ordered him to be searched," while in another case it is stated that on a witness being asked at the Willesden Police-court whether he heard defendant use bad language, he replied, "No, sir; unfortunately the wind was blowing the wrong way." Of course, what he meant was that fortunately the wind was blowing the right way.

"I have three children alive and one abroad," explained a woman at the Kingston Police Court. That lady evidently is not a Tariff Reformer.

Some of the pious papers have gone into hysterics over the decrease in Scotch drunkenness, due to the rise in price of spirits since the new Budget duties came into force. The *Daily Chronicle* even heads its article on the subject, "Sober by Act of Parliament." The moral is therefore obvious. Since the increase in the price of whisky has made Scotland sober, it follows that an increase in the price of beer should have a similarly happy result in England. Will our contemporary use its great influence with the Government to impose such further taxation upon brewers as to double the present price of beer? Then there will be no more drunkenness in England—at any rate until after the next General Election.

From Mr. Fladgate's evidence before the Censorship Committee:—"There was a complaint as to the length of the dresses in 'Barbe Bleu,' and the Lord Chamberlain at once stopped the performance, and the dresses had to be lengthened." Presumably, had there been a complaint about the shortness of the dresses they would have had to be shortened.

Were not we justified in protesting against the fuss which was made about the Duke of Norfolk's letter to his "Dear Profumo"? Of course, it is constitutional theory that peers must not interfere in elections. But they have done so before, and they will do so again, knowing that nothing will happen to them in consequence. In this instance, however, there was not the slightest evidence that the Duke had done more than write a personal note to a personal friend. Mr. Dillon was ridiculously solemn about the matter. And now all the world is laughing.

Congratulations to Australia on winning the rubber against England. On the other hand, we cannot congratulate the English Selection Committee on some of their selections. Undoubtedly, the better team won.

The fact that Dr. Lalcaca's family is well-to-do surely need not interfere with the general wish that some public recognition of his heroism should be made. He might at least have a statue.

If all the Ministers would expound the Budget with the same judicial moderation as that observed by the Prime Minister, it would be better for the Budget.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

They were a couple of tramps, sitting on the roadside. One of them shuffling restlessly about, suddenly made a plunge into the recesses of his shirt, and bringing forth a splendid specimen of the genus flea, was about to put an end to its existence when, with another wriggle of the body, he replaced it with the observation—"That isn't the one, after all."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

LORD CURZON AND HIS RECENT PIFFLE ABOUT SOUTH AFRICAN PROSPERITY.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that Mr. Richards left his daughter "an annuity of £200 while she remained a SPRINTER,"
THE SOUTH WALES ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Manchester ladies won FIVE *bouts out of* FOUR,"
THE SUNDAY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Bleriot's machine "was WINDING ITS WAY STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW *for Dover,"*
THE YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the police sports "were held at Morpeth this year BECAUSE *the gathering was completely spoiled owing to it being a wet day,"*
THE MORPETH HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "2 PENNY *tins metal polish . . .* 1S.,"
G. W. ROPER, OF STAFFORD STREET, WALSALL,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving a recipe advising people to "take out the yolks of the eggs without BREAKING THE WHITES,"
THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For announcing that "*MR. *Archibald Boyd, of Bombay, gave birth to a daughter, on the 14th inst., at Trosley Towers, Wrotham,"*
TUNBRIDGE WELLS SOCIETY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "there was no SINGLE PERSON *in his district of Barkingside and Newbury Park that could afford to keep* HIS CHILD *in the County High School,"*
COUNCILLOR CHURCH (per *ILFORD RECORDER*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that "*HERR *Julius Grossman, who succumbed to* HER *injuries yesterday, is* DYING,"
THE BOLTON EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a "hen had been SLAIN *to* PREVENT *it* DYING,"
THE CHIEF SANITARY INSPECTOR FOR BETHNAL GREEN (per *DAILY MAIL*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing the Marchioness of Winchester's dress at the State ball and then stating that she was unable to attend,
THE BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing a bride as the "daughter of Mr. and MISS *F. Strike,"*
THE NORTH STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "half an hour only produced a DOZEN *runs, including five 4's to the off,"*
THE HULL DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the PRINCESS BEATRICE *is the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh* AND BROTHER *of King Edward,"*
THE WEEKLY DISPATCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the bridesmaids wore pretty dresses of BISCUITS *and cream striped marquisette,"*
THE NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "she lent him a further £31 1S. *in small sums,* ALL IN GOLD,"
THE BIRMINGHAM EVENING DISPATCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE SUICIDE OF A GREAT GOVERNMENT.—II.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

(In our last issue Mr. Bottomley dealt with the South African, Education, and Gambling policies of the Government. He now comments upon its Temperance and Naval proposals and its attitude towards the House of Lords.)

Chadband and Stiggins were now in high fettle, and "Temperance Reform" was their next card! It was true that at the General Election scarcely anybody had mentioned the subject, and that the King's Speech, at the opening of the new Parliament, was silent upon it. But now that the working man had been driven to do his betting in the shop, he must also be made to do his drinking at home. Besides, did not we owe Mr. Bung one for his active opposition to us for years past? It was true, also, that the working man was every year becoming more sober. Judged by arrests for drunkenness, by the statistics of crime due to drink, by the steadily diminishing yield of the alcoholic group of taxes—indeed, by every available test—England was rapidly throwing off the stigma of Drink. I say "England," because in the other parts of the United Kingdom, where Sunday closing and other restrictions already existed, things were less satisfactory. Even Chadband and Stiggins scarcely ventured to dispute that proposition. But they said they knew places thousands of miles away—in America, in Norway, in Australasia, and, I think, in Timbuctoo, where Restriction, and even Prohibition, worked wonders. So they called in Sir Thomas Waterbutt—another "stalwart"—who had been honoured because, although he drew a portion of his income from a public-house, he preferred water with his meals—and, together, they convinced the Prime Minister that a Licensing Bill was just the thing for which the country was yearning—just the thing to consolidate the Liberal forces.

The Licensing Bill.

And so, at length, the Bill came. Mr. Asquith himself took charge of it. He would not trust either the Home Secretary or any other of his colleagues with the precious thing. On its First Reading I predicted that it had sealed the doom of the Government. Like the Finance Bill, it was an omnibus measure; that is to say, it endeavoured to carry everything—Sunday Closing, Local Option—of a sort—Election Day Closing, Club Inspection, Abolition of Barmaids, Exclusion of Children, and the appropriation by the State of all the best Public-houses, after the expiration of a certain period, during which the publicans themselves were to buy up all the worst ones. Boldly Mr. Asquith went forward with his Bill—although every bye-election told him over again the story of 1895. Then, when he began to realise his blunder, he became heroic. Instead of throwing the Bill at the heads of Chadband, Stiggins and Waterbutt, and telling them to make a bonfire with it and to jump into the flames, he went about the country protesting that he would stand or fall by the measure. "What was the use of the Liberal party," he asked, in a moment of excitement, "if it were not prepared to sacrifice itself for great causes?" Another minister said though the Bill might wreck the party, they would "go down with colours flying." Another, that the fight was one between the forces of Hell on the one side and those of Heaven on the other; and another, that if the Lords dared stand between the People and their "passionate desire" for this reform (in his Election address, this minister had not mentioned the subject of Temperance), then "their blood would be upon their heads." Now, when responsible ministers of the Crown use language of this description, the country is justified in assuming that they are in earnest. I am not now concerned with the merits of the measure—I am considering, only, the causes of the Government's loss of popularity. Therefore, I come at once to the point. The Lords, as in the case of the Education Bill, threw out the measure. "Take it back," they said, "we will have none of it. If you really mean what you have been saying, appeal to our common Master—the People—and we will abide by their decision." What was the reply? "Come on," we had been shouting. "Come on" had been the response. Did we turn up our sleeves and fight? Never a bit of it. *Fortiter in* MODO—*suaviter in* RE! "We will choose our own time," we said—"How dare you presume to dictate to us when there shall be an appeal to the country?" "We don't," said the Lords. "We simply throw out your Bill." What was the result? The "Temperance Cause" stood where it was before; the House of Lords had immensely strengthened its position; the whole force of the licensed trade—perhaps the biggest electoral power in the land—was roused against the Liberal party; the Government was discredited—and the people went on becoming more sober. Some of the ministers went so far as to say to the Lords, "If we can't get our way by means of the Licensing Bill, we will checkmate you by the Budget. You dare not touch *that*, so we will tack all our defeated financial proposals on to the Finance Bill—Bah!" Not very dignified, was it? No more talk, be it observed, about going down with flags flying, of dying for the good cause—of blood upon the heads of the Peers. Thus, the Man in the Street smiled—and when the Man in the Street smiles, he votes against you.

And thus, too, ended another chapter in the history of the Government's suicide.

The House of Lords.

And this brings me to the question of the relations of the Liberal Party with the House of Lords. As a Radical student, I had always understood that the existence of a second chamber, constituted on an hereditary basis—the members having no better claim to their seats than that they are the sons of their fathers—was repugnant to the spirit of democracy; and, somehow or other, I cannot get that idea out of my head. Yet, so far as I remember, there has not yet been even a hint from this great Liberal Government of an attempt to alter the *constitution* of the Upper House; all that has ever been suggested is some fantastic scheme for limiting its right of Veto. Never shall I forget my sentiments as I listened to dear old "C.-B." unfolding his great scheme. It was the disappointment of my political life. Let it be remembered how our expectations had been worked up. After the Education and the Plural Voting, and the Scotch Valuation Bills had been rejected, we were asked "just to wait a little while." And then, at the opening of the Session, a thrill had been sent through the Gilded Chamber when the King, reading deliberately from the scroll in his hand, said that grave differences of opinion had arisen between the two Houses, and that "proposals would be submitted" to overcome the crisis. "Now they mean business at last," whispered a simple-minded Labour Member into my ear. And then for months we were kept waiting, on the tip-toe of eager expectation, for the unfolding of the Government plan. Would it be abolition of the Second Chamber or abolition of only the hereditary principle? In a tense House, we waited on the lips of the late Prime Minister, as he rose to make the momentous pronouncement. And

what was it? The House of Lords was to remain, in all respects, just as it was; but in the event of any difference of opinion arising in future in regard to any Bill, the two chambers were to indulge in a game of Battledore and Shuttlecock till one of them had scored three times, and then the King was to declare that one the winner! Was such political drivel ever preached before? And yet the Labour Members joined with the mournful mediocrities in applauding the declaration! This was upwards of a year ago. No Bill has yet been introduced to give legislative effect to the scheme, and in the interval the Lords have thrown out the Licensing Bill—and are about to throw out the Budget. Now, why on earth did not the Government fight the Peers on the Plural Voting Bill? What right had the hereditary legislators to mix themselves up with the conditions governing the popular franchise? Here was a plain and simple issue. But the Liberal Party ran away from it. And the very night that C.-B.'s speech was made, I am told that two Members of the Government were dining and joking with a Tory Peer. Do you begin to understand? This timidity and indecision shook the foundations of the Party. You had only to listen to the Man in the Street, the 'Bus, the Tram, the Train. He had ceased to believe in us. We were all talk—grand talk, no doubt—but no action. Once again, *fortiter in* MODO—*suaviter in* RE. And now the House of Lords stands stronger with the people than it has done for many years—whereas, with such a majority as we had at the last election, it should, as at present constituted, have ceased to exist.

THE NAVAL NONSENSE.

But if we had blundered over South Africa and Education, over Gambling and Licensing, and the House of Lords, what shall I say of our naval policy? Four *Dreadnoughts* to go on with, and four more "perhaps"! And Germany, America, and Austria outpacing us in every department of naval development. But had not a poor and struggling little colony offered to give us a ship—and had not Canada with its tongue in its cheek offered to lend us one, as soon as it was built? If ever the sentiment of the nation demanded definite action on the part of the Government, it called for eight *Dreadnoughts*. But some of the mournful mediocrities, led by the *Daily News* (which recently thanked heaven that we were not first in the field with the newest implements of warfare), had said to the Prime Minister "Four are enough. Just think what they cost. Save the eight millions, and build temperance and mission halls—they will keep the enemy away from our shores." And instead of telling these cranks to go and drown themselves, their counsels prevailed—eight now and eight more later on, perhaps. Besides, delay would give us time to make improvements! You see, an improved class of battleship on paper is more effective to repel invasion than one of the existing type in full commission. If you do not see it, you ought to. But, somehow or other, the country did not see it—and as soon as the Navy Vote came on for discussion, up jumped the First Lord of the Admiralty—who last year was Minister of Education and the year before was Financial Secretary to the Treasury—and explained that in the light of later information the Government had decided to build the eight ships after all! And again the Man in the Street smiled.

Next week I will indicate some of the other causes which, in my opinion, have led to the collapse of the Government; and after that I will endeavour to show how it may avert disruption and rehabilitate itself in the confidence of a democratic people. For, say what you will, Great Britain is democratic to the core (Socialism must not be confounded with Democracy). My complaint against the Government is that it has failed to act up to its democratic professions.

(To be continued.)

VICEROY AND MARKET GARDENER.

BY AN IRISH LOYALIST.

What? Rub your eyes and look again. "Grown by the Earl of Aberdeen." The Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland a market gardener! That's how it stands. If you don't believe it, you will see the notice in huge letters proudly displayed in the windows of greengrocers in the suburbs of Dublin—the said notices being in close juxtaposition to succulent fruits of the ground from the Viceregal Lodge duly exhibited and offered for sale.

The Irish people have a suspicion that when the present Government chose their Lord Lieutenant of Ireland they made up their minds not to send a spendthrift, but forwarded one who would teach the Irish prodigals to amend their ways and look at a bawbee half a dozen times before laying it down on the counter. It is true that Lord Aberdeen has given many and very plain lessons on this point, and now he is teaching us how to live on three acres and a cow, for the products of the farm and gardens and cows that are appanages of the official residence are being sold to eke out the stipend attached to the Viceroy's job. It is felt by some carpers that if a Lord Lieutenant becomes a market gardener, using the Viceregal grounds and cows, he should share some of the swag with the taxpayer, since the farms and gardens and greenhouses, "and all that therein is," belong to the State and are kept up by State funds, being under the charge of the Irish Board of Works. But such a contention is manifestly erroneous as things stand in these changed times. Aberdeen's colleague, Lloyd George, is busy burgling hen roosts, and why should not the Viceroy follow suit?

It is true that some former Lord Lieutenants were terrible spendthrifts, who actually spent some thousands per annum beyond their pay to keep up what they regarded as the dignity of the office, considering themselves the representatives in Ireland of their Sovereign. Added to this crime, they sent the surplus vegetables, fruit, milk, and other such commodities to hospitals and deserving institutions. But those chuck-away-money Viceroys were not Scotch. They were representative of that class of English gentleman who would rather spend his last "jimmy" than appear mean.

Why, those English Viceroys fairly ran riot. For instance, they supplied the guests at the social functions of the year with champagne and other luxuries to make their loyalty to the King—whose guests they were through the Lord Lieutenant—fizz up and become hot. And they succeeded more or less. But now, Ochone! Wirrasthroo! Ululu!! Iced coffee takes the place of the liquid that elevates, and a horn of iced coffee is more calculated to depress than to elevate. Then the military bandsmen bidden to enliven the proceedings at the said functions were simply gorged with the best of food and drink after they had beaten their drums and blown their other instruments for hours. Now the soldier-men are given a glass of beer—Lloyd George new measure—and some bread and cheese. In an underground way the bandsmen are semi-mutinous, and are still searching the King's Regulations to see if they are justified in striking. I like the soldier. He's usually a good chap. But he should set the way in loyalty, and it won't do for him to say derogatory things about the representative of his Sovereign. When they drink the Viceroy's health after the functions, in the cellar where the Belshazzar feast is provided for them, the toast is couched in language of the barrack-room, which is a vernacular that I have vainly tried to study.

One could go on for a long while writing on the subject of thrift as taught by the Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, but one can't squeeze twenty columns into one column. Some other time I may return to the subject, for I've got hold of a Viceregal lackey, and supply him periodically with beer—much more than the bandsman's allowance—and one day he'll take sufficient to induce him to open his mouth. Then I'll ask him what becomes of the old bottles, rags, bones, and rabbit skins that naturally accumulate in big places like Dublin Castle and the Viceregal Lodge.

I was trapped into writing this through overhearing some words in my greengrocer's when purchasing some peas and lettuces for household purposes. An old woman remarked to the fellow behind the counter, "Tell the Lord Liftinint that if the next stone of potatoes isn't betther than the last I'll withdraw me custom from him an' dale elsewhere."

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See Page iii. of Cover.

A REVEREND "OUTSIDE BROKER."

HOW THE VICAR OF CAMBERWELL PUT THE CURATE ON TO A "GOOD THING."

The Rev. F. F. Kelly is Vicar of Camberwell, and has been so for the last 29 years. It is a very nice appointment. The vicarage stands in the heart of a populous district. It is a spacious edifice in spacious grounds, recalling one of those charming country rectories with which we are all acquainted rather than the typical London vicarage with its modest accommodation and stinted garden. There is, too, a comfortable stipend attached to this Camberwell vicarage, something near £2,000 per annum gross, to be exact, £1,958.

Some six years ago the Rev. F. F. Kelly was staying in the country, and whilst there he was introduced to a brother clergyman, a curate, who had a little nest-egg of £200, invested in very sound securities—Harrods, Schweppes and Evans'.

One day Mr. Kelly mentioned to his curate friend that he was specially interested in an oil company, and said that he could get the curate some shares to pay 6 per cent. if he had any money to invest. The curate told him he had a few shares as already mentioned. On hearing this Mr. Kelly said he knew for a fact Harrods were shaky, Schweppes were likely to be injured by a ginger-beer firm, and he did not think much of drapery shares.

Immediately upon his return to London Mr. Kelly wrote urging the curate to buy some of the shares at once. We quote :—

> If you would like to have some of the 4s. shares, *I can get you some now.* They'll pay no dividend until August 1st. Then they'll pay 20 per cent. monthly. But as you are not already a holder, I think they will only be issued to me. Then I should have to transfer them to you. I should give you a paper to the effect that *so many of my shares were to be transferred to your name.*

It would be interesting to know why these shares, for which, according to Mr. Kelly, there was such a keen demand, could not be got upon the market in the ordinary way, why they had to be taken from Mr. Kelly's own name. Be that as it may, the curate was persuaded by Mr. Kelly to sell his own good shares in order to find the £200 for Mr. Kelly's shares.

The curate told him how important it was that he should not venture his small capital in anything risky. Mr. Kelly again and again assured him he knew all about the company, the name of which is the British Californian Oil Company, its London office being that of the Atlantic Finance Corporation, 48, Broad Street Avenue. Soon Mr. Kelly returned to Camberwell, and two days afterwards the curate received a postcard which ran as follows :—

> There is not a day to be lost if you want any of the 4s. shares. They will shortly be 5s. I expect.

Two days later, another card arrived. It ran :—

> Did you get my card saying you had no time to lose unless you want to pay more than 4s.? I ought to have heard of your intention this morning.

Upon these pressing postcards, the curate sent cheque payable to Mr. Kelly for £200 for 1,000 one dollar shares. In the letter which accompanied the cheque the curate pointed out that he had no way of finding out anything about the company, and there was no mention of it on the Stock Exchange. To this he had a reply from Mr. Kelly, also on a postcard, which runs :—

> Cheque received. If you wish to invest more at 4s. I must have the cheque by Thursday morning. No wonder the Stock Exchange says it knows nothing of our company. *That is their way of not wishing to know.* The Stock Exchange can get no special pickings from our company. It is too strong to need the Exchange's help. There have been two or three bad oil swindles claiming to be like our success. Ours is a very strong company.

After this the curate heard nothing more, but on October 1st, 1903, he received £2 17s. 3d., a quarter's dividend, and on January 4th, 1904, a like sum. From that day to this he has not received a penny.

Early in 1905 the curate wrote to Mr. Kelly asking him to take back the shares. To this Mr. Kelly replied under date March 30th, 1905 :—

> I have no intention of doing what you ask me to do. . . . I hold over 50,000 shares myself. I am told the company will go all right again. . . . Anyhow, I do not mean to relieve you of what, had it turned out better than it has, you would have thought so differently about. We both took the same risks.

The curate then wrote Mr. Kelly another letter, and later on wrote him other letters, but to no one of them has Mr. Kelly thought fit to reply. We may, however, quote from one of the letters written by the curate. It runs :—

> Without my asking you, you introduced the subject of these oil shares to me, as you did to the ——'s when visiting at their house. Every time you called to see me you impressed upon me what good things these oil shares were, and that you had *exclusive information* to make you say this. When I told you I could see nothing about the shares on the Stock Exchange, you wrote me as follows. [See quotation above.] This only a few months before the whole thing comes to an end.
>
> I was shut off from all information but what you told me and impressed on me again and again. I had a postcard every post urging me not to lose time in sending you the money. I sent you my cheque for £200 entirely on your representation and statements which have turned out to be erroneous.
>
> To obtain the money you persuaded me to sell my Harrods shares, also Schweppes, at considerable loss in both cases, by informing me that Harrods were in a shaky position, and that some ginger-beer people (White, I think the name) were about to ruin Schweppes. This information was private to you. You even dictated the letters I had to write to your brokers. The whole thing turned out erroneous. Both Harrods and Schweppes are higher now than the prices obtained. I now again ask you as an honourable man to take these shares off my hands. You know quite well I was only a child in your hands. Your position as Vicar of Camberwell, with an income running into thousands, not to mention your large private income, £300 a year your daughter's pin-money, £30,000 settled on your wife and so on, all this overwhelmed me so that I felt sure you would not lead me into loss. Yet you take my £200 and will not help me in the slightest. It is only a small matter to you but a very serious one to me.

This letter, like the others, remained unanswered, and there the matter ends so far as Mr. Kelly and the curate are concerned. The latter wrote to Lord Orford, who was a large shareholder in the company, explaining his position, and in a very kind and sympathetic letter, dated December 6th, 1907, Lord Orford tells the curate that he is himself an owner of 12,000 shares, but that the company has been strangled by the Standard Oil Company.

It may be said that all that the Vicar of Camberwell did was to persuade a not very wise curate to put his little nest-egg of £200 into the shares of a company which at the time was paying good dividends, and that if the curate, induced thereto by the expectation of a better return upon his money, took the advice and sold his Harrods, and Schweppes, and Evans shares to put into those of the British Californian Oil Company the Vicar of Camberwell was not to blame. But this hardly covers the position. The curate was very, very anxious about the security, and it was only upon the emphatic assurance of the Vicar of Camberwell that the company was a highly prosperous concern, and that there was no risk in buying its shares, that he transferred his interest from sound English companies to this American concern. If Mr. Kelly had told the curate that the shares in an American Oil Company were of necessity a very speculative purchase it is not at all likely that the curate would have bought any.

Again, Mr. Kelly says that he and the curate are in the same boat, and he himself has 50,000 shares in this company. But that is true only in a very narrow sense. It would be interesting to know how much Mr. Kelly paid for those shares, and why he was so eager not only to induce the curate to part with his poor little £200, but also to persuade others, for example, maiden ladies, to put their money into this American oil company. Was it pure love of his fellow men and women that induced the Rev. F. F. Kelly to make these strenuous and persistent representations? We can hardly think so, having regard to the tone of his reply to the curate when that unfortunate gentleman wrote to him in his trouble.

Be that as it may, we suggest to the Rev. F. F. Kelly that in future he would do well to avoid these share transactions. He is an old man and rich. He is the vicar of a populous London parish, and in that parish he will find plenty of work, work that should be welcomed by one who is in spiritual charge of it, and which, if our information is correct, he does little to grapple with. Anyway, we hope that he will not induce other curates to put money they can ill afford to lose in speculative American companies. The transaction we have described leaves a nasty taste in the mouth, and is not conducive to respect for the cloth.

A PLEA FOR KILL-JOYS.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—nor his life.]

What the Kipling is a Kill-joy? methought, when I read some of the preliminary notices of the Thomas Cat League. Evidently something sporting, for Thomas Cat, like John Bull, rises in the morning at about 5 a.m. to kill something.

What is Joy?

Naturally we joyous companions would love to kill a kill-joy. But what is the joy which he is alleged to kill? He shuts up public-houses. Well, but they only supply arsenicated ale and whisky which reeks of fusel-oil. He would close tobacco-shops on Sunday. But then the tobacconist would go up the river with the young lady from the post-office. He would interfere with betting on horse-races. But the only sufferers would be book-makers, tipsters, tick-tack men, and other apostles of unearned increment.

Cold Consciences.

Besides, think of the dreary life led by most of our sanctimonious snufflers. Their principles (or their desires for salaries from other pale people) make it imprudent for them to drink, swear, carouse or pursue pleasure in any of the ordinary, orthodox ways. They must mortify their vile bodies, eat eggs and bacon, save up for the advancement of missions, organise useless societies, fuss, buzz, ensue unpopularity in every form. How much more grateful and comforting it would be if they yielded to every temptation, made friends with all the mammon of unrighteousness, took an intelligent interest in Maud Allan's legs, ate caviar, lay flat on their backs among bulrushes, or coveted their neighbour's ass. Surely no one can dare to be a Stiggins in the expectation of finding solid satisfaction in the coldness of a conscience. Having then chosen, like Mary, the better part, it must be hateful to see the ungodly in great prosperity, wax fat and kick, and devour fatted calves.

Amateur Asceticism.

I have always felt a sincere sympathy with the natural resentment displayed by the brother of the prodigal son. Similarly, your amateur ascetic, having killed his own joys, must hate to see any survive in the lives of others. Picture to yourselves the feelings of good Saint Anthony if he were suddenly let loose in the promenade of the Empire Theatre. Could you be angry with the poor man if he turned up the whites of his eyes or threatened to petition the County Council?

Hullish Intentions.

After all, you will probably admit that kill-joys mean well. If they had their way, we should all perhaps be happier in the long run, if indeed a long run were still worth while. By the time we approached our green graves, we should be able to look back upon a well-spent life, free from hurry, worry or excitement. There would be no reminiscences of furry tongues or heated brows. . . . That is all very fine in theory, but if you look round the circle of your simple-living friends, your Milesian feeding, water-bibbing, 'bus-frequenting, golf-playing, psalm-singing Philistines, you will remark that they are for the most part knock-kneed, queasy, hectic hypochondriacs, more zealous for the salvation of their own supposititious souls than for the welfare of their fellows.

Puritan Possibilities.

Elliminate temptations, coddle consciences, and you therewith diminish many chances of refining character. Therefore, as I am pleading on behalf of kill-joys, I must hasten to submit that many of them might be even worse than they are. Their natural and acquired sourness might easily induce them to commit murder or arson instead of merely backbiting and snarling. This may be due to the fact that they lack the pluck, but it shall still be accounted to them for righteousness. Some thoughtless, thirsty critics will allege, peradventure, that I am damning enthusiasm by faint praise. But it is something for kill-joys to find a defender at all nowadays—one who will honestly give the devils their due.

R. I. P.

Remember that I am not suggesting that a kill-joy is a person like him of whom the poet sings in notes of liquid amber:

"A pack of dreams was on his back
And a halo in his hair."

The dreams of the kill-joy are products of Milesian indigestion; his halo prognosticates unhallowed weather. Let us therefore deal gently with the dog, even when he does harry our primæval pleasures. Let us warn him off our bright particular preserves, remembering always that he will thereby be restricted to his own dank dells. Set a kill-joy to kill a kill-joy, say I. He will find quite as much satisfaction in denouncing the trivial heresies of his own kind as in poaching over pleasaunces which he is too impotent to enjoy. Give the hound a long rope and he will employ it in the usual way. In other words, let him R. I. P. Phew! this is a hot article even for this time of year.

WHO WAS THE BOY?

One of our readers has been pulling our leg. He tells us that a youth of his acquaintance, left to his own resources, and a dictionary, wrote the following letter to a bank manager:—

Dear Sir,—In requesting you to place my name on your book as an applicant for a situation at the Bank, I beg to heretofore bring myself under your most supplicatory notice. I am imbibed with various redundant capabilities. I also have a sister who *sings*. And we used to have a canary and two doves. Owing to a black cat it was hard lines on the canary.

I have had fourteen years' experience of the trials and troubles of this world, and when I die—"Oh, that will be glory for me." My favourite song is: "Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep," which I can render with vocalistic effluvianism. The rhetoric conventralism of my methods are most equivocatory, and I have a commendable knowledge of Philanthropy.

My father's age is 53. If it were not so I would have told you. I have very good eyesight, and it is said "The light of the body is the eye."

I am addicted to biliousness, which often leaves me "wankled." I have no other vices.

There is no insanity in our family, though there *is* a draper.

Hoping the above will give you *some* idea as to my character and capabilities,—I beg to be, sir (as soon as possible, please), your obedient servant.

P.S.—I am unmarried.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—LVII.

We have received the following:—We are assured by the Rev. Roderick Grant, of Ingatestone Hall, Essex, that it is a very deserving case.

> I am writing to ask you if you could assist me to obtain some light employment such as caretaker, timekeeper, bank messenger, or any such employment. I must tell you I had an accident on July 17th, 1906, and after an operation in the London Hospital I attended the hospital for massage treatment three times a week for two years and seven months, but am still unable to use my left hand to do any carpentering, and although I obtained some compensation (I have a wife and four children to support) the money is inadequate to support us much longer, and I am endeavouring to find some suitable employment while I am able to support my wife and children.

We have received a P.O. for 5s. from a gentleman who signs himself "Omicron," and dates from Hull, but gives us no other address. This 5s. he wishes us to hand to a deserving case, and we have sent it to the writer of Human Document No. LV.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

August 23rd. Dr. Macnamara.

I am past now the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour and reputation.—*Ben Jonson.*

August 24th. Max Beerbohm.

More fond of likeness than of beauty.—*Quintilian.*

August 28th. Count Leo Tolstoy.

There was never any great genius without an admixture of madness.—*Seneca.*

THE RECOVERY OF THE REGALIA.

[Communicated.]

(The King reported to have worn them at a recent function).

Murder will out. In these hasty, hustling days one exciting incident is forgotten as soon as the next springs up. Hence it may be necessary to remind John Bull readers that a couple of years ago the valuable insignia of the Order of St. Patrick changed hands. In other words, the diamonds passed surreptitiously from the custody of Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King-of-Arms, to that of somebody else, and many shekels were reaped by the thieves. The first theory that the jewels were stolen by ordinary burglars was blown sky high; and it was pretty well proved that the thieves—or shall we say "borrowers"?—were Dublin Castle officials.

Mr. Birrell was questioned in Parliament many times concerning rumours, several of which we know were true; but the Chief Secretary always put the questioner off with a joke when he did not fly into a bad temper and roll out what are euphemistically termed "tara-diddles," or, as Winston would say, "terminological inexactitudes."

John Bull has it now on good authority, that at the recent investiture of the Earl of Granard in London, His Majesty wore the full insignia of the Order of St. Patrick, and that the jewels were the very same precious stones that were removed from Dublin Castle. Steps were taken to prevent this fact from leaking out; but it has leaked out. To cover the retreat, those concerned are prepared to state that the set of jewels are a replica. If this contention is set up, we ask the authorities to submit the insignia to Sir Arthur Vicars or anybody else who knows the jewels for proof. Because a very simple and infallible proof can be applied. With who stole the jewels we have no concern. That is a matter for the police, and it is understood that the police know all about it. The stones are back, and the incident for the present is closed. The police have kept their secret well. They only let a portion of it out—(were they preparing for the present public discovery?)—when they stated to the reporters over and over again that the jewels were intact. They were confident of this fact—and they had the strongest reason to be so. But it was hardly worthy of the traditions of our astute detectives to make this declaration, while with the same breath they said: "The jewels have vanished into thin air, and we know not where they are."

"CANADIAN EMIGRANTS, BEWARE!"

We have received the following letter from a well-known Civil Engineer and commend it to our readers and the public generally:—

> The letter from the Calgary firm of June 18th which appeared in your issue of July 31st, 1909, does not in my opinion at all overstate the case. It is becoming more and more difficult for a young Englishman of the type referred to in the letter, just out from the old country, to obtain employment in any country where he has the competition of other nations. The reason is not far to seek. It is the obvious result of early training. I have long ago come to the conclusion that there are only two classes of men in England who really know what work is, the professional man and the small tradesman who runs his own business. The Government and County Council stroke of England will not do for abroad, and that the Englishman has been accustomed to this sort of work is so well-known there, that many large employers of labour, Englishmen themselves, will not employ Englishmen though they would much prefer to give work to their own countrymen if they would or could work anything like as well as the foreigner. There are, of course, exceptions, but these are men who have been some time out from home and have got over the effects of their early training. At the same time a young Englishman who goes out with good introductions can get on well. The best introduction he can have, is a letter to say that he is not afraid of work, from someone who knows what work is, but he must realise he will have to work at least twice as hard as he ever had to in England, and given ordinary ability, if he does this, he will probably make three times the money.

"ARE FREEMASONS HONEST?"

Below we give extracts from further letters received upon the above subject:—

E. E. S. (Upper Holloway), who was duly installed in 1899, lost his all through the Public House boom. He writes: "I applied to the Prov. Grand Master for assistance, but he could not or would not help me. I then applied to the Board of Benevolence and they would not . . . I have helped dozens of Freemasons when in business and yet when I ask for assistance it is refused."

G. H. A. (Eccles) writes: "I am an old Mason and I know of no deserving case which has not been duly helped . . . It is also news that large subscriptions to Masonic Charities are announced in the public press. Such does not obtain in West Lancashire, so that there is no incentive to buy votes or honours."

"Truth" (Brixton), in the course of a long letter, writes: "I am in the Licensed Victuallers' Trade, and was acting as manager. The Proprietor, as soon as he discovered I was a Mason, dispensed with my services on the plea that he did not wish the man to be on the same level as the master . . . You must be a wealthy Mason to have a friendly grip of the hand; otherwise you only get a snub. I have excellent credentials, but have been out of collar for two years. If there is anything in Freemasonry, let some Brother extend me a helping hand to obtain a position."

H. B. (Cranleigh) writes: "The root of the whole matter lies in bad organisation of the Charity Funds. But it is fair to add that the craft gets many amongst its distressed that it would be cruel to assist financially."

"Outsider" (Scarborough), who is not a Mason, thinks that the writer of the article "seems to regard the Order as a vast Insurance System."

R. J. (Coatbridge) as a Mark Master considers himself fully qualified to answer the question, "Are Freemasons Honest?" and gives cogent reasons for answering in the negative.

L. K. M. (Clacton), the widow of a mason who was victimised by a brother mason, promises to pay us a visit and give us particulars.

R. T. S. (Glamorgan), "a reluctant member of the increasing 'order' of unemployed," writes a pathetic letter detailing his abortive efforts to obtain assistance from the craft, and encloses a lot of correspondence bearing out his statements.

J. N. H. (Arundel) writes: "Only last week at Goodwood one of the Brethren asked me what I thought of your article, and I replied that I agreed in every way with it.

A. P. H. (London) says the writer of our article forgets "one of the most substantial columns, which says, 'We reap what we sow.'" We confess we cannot appreciate the point of this criticism.

J. MacC. (London) has been a Freemason for 17 years, and is an ex-subscriber to the various charities. He was a detective-inspector of police, but suffered much persecution at the hands of colleagues, who were fellow Masons. Through the action of the "Brother" he was dismissed the service after serving 22½ years, without having a report against him, the official who dismissed him being a Roman Catholic.

F. C. D. (Plymouth), previous to 12 years ago, tells us of how he has been wronged by two firms, the manager of which was an active Freemason, and both of whom read the Bible in Church every Sunday—the one being a sidesman and the other a churchwarden.

T. M. (London) thinks the author of our article "is either an ignorant, evil-minded soul, or an infernal liar." A fine specimen of brotherly love!

THE HUNGER STRIKE.

A Suffragette was sitting in a solitary cell,
She was looking limp and languid, and was feeling far from well,
Her eyes were deeply sunken and her head was feeling rummy—
For eight-and-forty hours she'd had nothing in her tummy.

The wardresses had tempted her with viands nice and tasty,
But she answered "*retro satanus*," in scorful tones and hasty,
"No matter what you bring me, I have sworn to eat no more
Till women have the franchise and my waist is twenty-four."

Reported to the Governor, that worthy's optic twinkles,
"Take the prisoner at once," says he, "a half-a-pint of winkles."
Adorned with parsley on a dish, the fish are taken in;
Says the Suffragette, "Confound the vote! Say, wardress, got a pin?"

W. M.

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"PROFIT AND PLEASURE."

With reference to the statements that appeared in our issue of July 17th and 31st, respecting this concern, we have received a letter from the Premium Press, Ltd., from which we take the following :—

(1) It is quite true that we have employed Church Army men, and have paid the Church Army 3s. 6d. per day for each man, and also have given each man a sum of money daily for himself.

(2) We distinctly deny that any acknowledgment of subscriptions has been sent out in wrappers, or that any single individual ever handled anywhere approaching 5,000, and further, totally deny ever having received anything approaching this number in the course of three days' post.

(3) With reference to senders of "Beresford" and "Stewart" receiving the same letters, if you will peruse the letter sent to competitors, you will find that a sum of £100 is allotted to those who put the picture togethes correctly, but *do not state rightly* whom it represents. We enclose a letter with this paragraph marked.

The Premium Press, Ltd., add that they have no connection with Messrs. Cray Stewart and Co., and that the advertisement of Messrs. Graham and Co., "run from this address," was conducted by an individual quite independently of the Premium Press, Ltd.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

XII.—MR. JOHN REDMOND, M.P.

Armed with a stout blackthorn bludgeon I lay in wait for the member for Waterford, in anticipation of his passing by on his homeward way to Wynnstay Gardens. It was in the dusk of early dawn—there having been an all-night sitting of the House, as usual—when I first caught sight of the object of my vigil. Quite unsuspecting, he approached the corner behind which I lurked, and at the right moment I sprang out upon him with an Irish yell, and roared:

"Hands up, ye spalpeen, or it's shootin' I'll be wid this shtick!"

Mr. Redmond pulled up with a jerk.

"Phwat do ye mane, man, arristin' the paceful progriss uv a mimber uv Parliament in broad daylight at the dead uv night? Is it robbery ye're after?"

"Divil a bit," I replied.

"Ye're an Irishman, I obsarve," proceeded Mr. Redmond.

"Not at all," I returned, "I'm a Britisher. I have abandoned the habit of local patriotism. Local patriotism, when indulged in to excess, is injurious alike to the locality and to the interests of the Empire as a whole. That, I take it, is the trouble with Ireland. You Irish patriots have made such a hullabaloo about your distressful country since the time of Cromwell that you have given the rest of the British people an impression of disloyalty which, although probably unfounded in fact, in effect has done much to retard the progress of Ireland."

"We owe no allagience to England," declared Mr. Redmond fiercely. "We demand Home Rule."

"You're the only section of the British Isles which has it," I retorted.

"We want our own Parliament in Dublin, and, plase the pigs, we'll have ut."

"Don't get so excited," I remonstrated. "I am sure you can discuss politics without flying into a passion and losing your head?"

"Is ut excited you call ut?" exclaimed the Member for Waterford, dancing about the pavement; "Oi was niver so carrm in me loife. Oi can discuss politics wid as little heat as any man livin', dead or aloive." Here he shook his fist in my face.

"If you're so anxious for Home Rule," I proceeded, cordially shaking his threatening hand, "Why don't you keep the Government up to the mark? You know their term of office is rapidly drawing to a close. How much better off will Ireland be for having supported them?"

"Thrue for ye," admitted Mr. Redmond meditatively.

"Where's the 'measure of Home Rule' which was promised you by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman?" I continued.

"Where, indade?" roared Mr. Redmond, warming at the thought.

"When they're out of office, or just come in, they promise you the fulfilment of your national ambition," I went on.

"Begorra, and that's a fact!"

"But when they're in office, and feel secure, they put you off, session after session, with specious arguments and soft phrases, which, while they continue to assure your support, lead you to hope in vain."

"By Father Flannery's pig, that's a thrue word ye've spoken," exclaimed the Member for Waterford, laying violent hands on his collar.

"So," I pursued, "it seems that you can get Home Rule neither from the Liberal nor from the Conservative party."

"Ochone, me poor, disthressful countree," wept the patriot; "me hear-rt bleeds to see ye trodden under fut be the proud hand uv the conqueror!"

"Don't despair," I said, soothingly; "you are steadily showing yourselves more capable of self-government; you are becoming a law-abiding people; give up the cattle-driving folly, and this un-Christian boycotting, and I have every expectation of your hopes being realised. You have every reason to continue the manifest improvement in the internal condition of Ireland, for remember that a people usually have the government they deserve."

And I bolted round the corner.

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

Specially Mis-reported for "John Bull."
By Richard Morton.

(Mr. Morton Satirises our Police Court Proceedings.)

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.—HOW DARE HE LIVE?

The case of a hardened criminal pointed a most useful moral at the Greater London Police Court yesterday, when Oliver Tangle was charged before Mr. Hardknutt with begging. The prisoner, a strong-looking man of thirty-five, was described as a labourer. When asked for his address, he replied, "The casual ward."

Magistrate: We want your last permanent address?

Prisoner: Wormwood Scrubbs.

Magistrate: Put him down as of no fixed abode.

The evidence was to the effect that Tangle had accosted people in the street, asking for financial aid. There were several convictions against him for other offences.

Tangle admitted the facts and pleaded guilty. He said he hoped he would be sent to prison for as long a term as possible, and would take it as a kindness. Then at last he would be sure of board and lodging.

Magistrate: I wonder you don't try to go straight.

Prisoner: What's the good of trying? Show me how.

Magistrate: Get some work.

Prisoner: I did. Then somebody rounded on me, split on my record, and out I was fired.

Magistrate: Was there nothing else you could find to do?

Prisoner: I tried to get a pedlar's licence, but that was refused because I'd been convicted. So I took out a barrow with fruit. That's perishable goods, and no licence is required. The first time I went out, a man asked for a pound of tomatoes—twopence. I stopped the barrow to serve him, and they ran me in, and fined me half-a-dollar for obstruction. The next day I put the fruit in a basket and carried it from door to door. The inspector came and told me he would collar me again if I did that, as it was against the law.

Magistrate: And how did you sell your fruit after all?

Prisoner: So as to be acting perfectly legal and cause no obstruction, I tried pushing the barrow with my stomach, weighing the goods with the one hand, and putting the stuff in bags and taking money and giving change with the other. But the customers objected to running after me by the side of the barrow, so I had to give it up after all.

Magistrate: Is there nothing else you can do?

Prisoner: If there is, I'd be glad to do it. I've had a good all-round try; but it comes to this, I mustn't stand still, I mustn't walk, I mustn't sell, I mustn't beg, and I mustn't steal. I mustn't do anything—that's the law of the land. But, I must eat—that's the law of nature. Send me to gaol, and then I'm sure of a meal.

Magistrate: Here we have nothing to do with the law of nature; we have only to interpret the law of the land. The kindest thing we can do is to remand you for a week. We will meanwhile consider what to do with you, for a present it looks as if you had no legal right to live on earth at all.

AN AMUSING APPLICATION.—THE WITTY MAGISTRATE AGAIN.

Among the applicants at the West-End Police Court was a voluble old woman who wanted a summons against a neighbour for abusive language and threats.

Mr. Hoyden: What does the estimable creature say she is going to do to you?

Applicant: She says she'll bash my head open.

Mr. Hoyden: Dear me! And has she done it yet?

Applicant: Not this year so far, but she did last year, with a flat iron. I was a week in hospital.

Mr. Hoyden: You don't really think your neighbour means what she says?

Applicant: I know this one does.

Mr. Hoyden: Ah! one woman dwelling on a plane apart!

Applicant: No, sir; she dwells in the third-floor-top-back, at number 58.

Mr. Hoyden: I am afraid I cannot give you a summons. You see, she has not assaulted you yet. You must wait till she does. Then she will suffer for it.

Applicant: And so shall I. I thought prevention was better than cure.

Mr. Hoyden: So it is—in the copy-books. Not in the police court.

LITTLE TOMMY—SCOUT.

By RICHARD PENLAKE.

"To what ridiculous stages a man's alleged patriotism may bring him," I said to my playmate Billy. Billy lives next door to me, and we were watching the departure from their homes of some so-called patriotic lads dressed in the regulation scout attire. To no foreign clime were they bound, but rather to the gates of the adjacent Carnegie free library where they stood for some considerable time each evening, the object of mutual admiration, the pride of the giddy girls about their own age, and the envy of a tribe of younger ragamuffins, many of whom had blood and thunder literature protruding from their pockets.

"Never you mind," said Billy, who was busy playing with a spider in our garden, "I've heard there's a lot of fun to be got out of it, but goodness knows what the lads really do, or the good of it all." "Suppose we try to find out," I replied, "we can surely play at scouting as well as they, even though we have no broomstick or sombrero, and are very much younger." So we decided to meet 'neath the shade of the sanitary dustbin the next evening, and, if possible, follow the boys, or play at scouting on our own, as we were young, venturesome, and had little or no fear.

The evening selected for our operations arrived and we met as arranged, and having provided ourselves with what naturalists call protective covering for night work, instead of a showy costume, we were ready for anything. We saw the boys go and heard a bugle call, and from our outpost on a neighbour's coal shed, we saw the lads scamper along the middle of the street to the fields at the end of the road. Now, if I understand things rightly, the first object of a scout is to be concealed, to see all and not be seen, but the modern boy scout delights always in being seen, he would not hide himself for worlds. "What's the good of such a pretty dress if you hide yourself," said Billy, when I told him of the first principles of scouting. "Never yon mind," I answered, "we'll start right anyway and do things as they should be done.

We kept at a pretty safe distance from the rival army, and from a tree discovered that most of the lads went in search of something that I believe they called "spoor," while a few others made a kind of camp fire and proceeded to cook some kippers, which reminded us that we had brought no food. Not knowing what "spoor" was, we let the lads go and look for it, while we kept at a safe distance from the fire and four eyes on the kippers. We then held a council of war and decided that Billy should crawl on all fours through some undergrowth to some other trees nearer, and to the north-east of the camp fire, and there make a noise like an enemy would. I was to remain in the south-east corner of the lodge, so to speak, and wait for the noise. If the boys on hearing the noise of the enemy, ran away in an opposite direction, i.e., the south-west, as we had every reason to suppose they would—for one had been frighted by a frog—I could steal on all fours towards the fire and secure the kippers, which were now filling the air with a delightful perfume. If, on the other hand, the lads mustered up courage and attacked the supposed enemy, Billy, after making the noise, could crawl to me through the friendly herbage, and between us, we could, in their absence, secure the army's rations. We did not expect the latter movement, but it is always the unexpected that happens. The scout cooks, hearing the noise, well and truly made by Billy, attacked the place where the noise came from with a volley of stones and chunks of earth. Seeing and securing no game, they then advanced, and at such a distance from the camp fire as to make the capture of the cooked kippers comparatively easy. Having secured our booty and feeling very hungry we retreated to the back gardens where we could enjoy our feast.

At that moment I heard my mistress calling me, "Tommy, Tommy," she shrieked, "come here you naughty cat, where have you been to?" I knew my mistress, and went to her with my tail between my legs; she caught me in her arms, and instead of caressing me as she always had done, she threw me into the dark coal-cellar, which I had already cleared of mice, where I lay in anguish for hours without my cat's meat and without my milk, and oh, that kipper was so salt!

But for one only twelve months old I had had a real good time, and had done quite as much good, I should say, as those circus-like scouts, for I am only a little black tom cat after all, but a great pet nevertheless. I hope to do some more scout-work as I get older, but I shall leave Billy at home; he begins to get very jealous of me. Billy is, of course, a tom cat as well.

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INDIA'S BOY-JUDGES.

By George Cecil.

Although, as a rule, the judicial luminary to whom is allotted the task of passing sentence upon malefactors is mentally efficient, a percentage of the youthful judges who enforce the Indian Penal Code are scarcely fit to administer the Law. After eighteen months' service, the immature "civilian" (who probably has not reached his twenty-fifth birthday) is invested with powers by virtue of which he can inflict a heavy punishment upon the coloured evil-doer. He has it in his power to award two years' imprisonment with hard labour, and he may dispose of a case of simple theft by causing "*tis zurub bet*" (thirty strokes) to be administered—*in corpore vili*—with a rattan.

Consider what this means. A young man, after passing the necessary "Indian Civil Service" examination, in due course is shipped off to India. Upon reporting himself to the authorities he forthwith is appointed "Assistant Magistrate." From the "punka-coolie" to the prosperous head clerk every native *employé* in and about the "kutcheri" (court-house) grovels at his feet; he is addressed as "Your Lordship," "Light of the World," "Protector of the Poor," and "Fount of Wisdom," *ad nauseam*. Graceless subalterns, while looking down upon the "Heaven-born" one, envy him his substantial pay and golden prospects; and matchmaking mamas—especially those who are cursed with unmarriageable daughters—shower upon him countless civilities. Little wonder that the "'stunt sahib" soon begins to think himself an uncommonly fine fellow, and has hardly learned to tell one black face from another before he firmly believes that were he to succumb to one of the various maladies which attack Anglo-Indians the whole fabric of the Empire must fall to the ground. His exaggerated sense of his own importance often leads him to exact the maximum sentence for a first offence. Nor does the training of the average young "civilian" always stand him in good stead. Thanks to the evils of the competitive examination system, he may be of the lowest strata of society. In this case he favours the narrow-minded religious views affected by his class. Consequently, if the prisoner has committed a crime which, though of little account, is particularly offensive to young Squaretoes, he may depend upon the prejudiced "Assistant Magistrate" awarding a sentence which is out of all proportion to his misdeed. For instance, the godless coloured man who has hurled an over-ripe banana at a missionary may be condemned to languish in durance vile for a monstrously long period. Nor is the model youth, who, as a boy, has gained a scholarship at school, subsequently carrying all before him at the university, necessarily capable of judging wisely. His mind is stuffed with learning; but in the process of acquiring useless knowledge his brain has become dulled; he suffers from mental inertia, and it may be years before the evil effects of his early training wear off. In short, whether the cocked-up, consequential youngster is of the lower or the upper classes, his immature mind and lack of worldly experience quite unfit him for the work which he is allowed to perform.

Although the misplaced zeal of the boy-judge often results in his inflicting needlessly severe punishments, the prisoner has the right to appeal to a higher tribunal; and should he secure a reduction of the sentence passed by the raw "Assistant Sahib," there is great rejoicing in native circles. This, however, is unseemly. The mere fact that the decision of one of the governing race may be upset is disastrous to the "*ikthiar*" (authority) of the Magistrate, while it is a strong factor in lowering British prestige in India. The impudent attitude of the natives—not to mention the sedition which of late has become so rampant—is partly owing to the foolish weakness of an administration which makes these appeals possible. Fortunately, there is a way out of the difficulty. No young "civilian" should be allowed to try a case until he has passed a certain number of years in India, during which he might be afforded every opportunity of acquiring the necessary experience. Whilst he is undergoing the probationary period, the cases which under the old scheme would have been tried in his Court could be dealt with by the senior magistrates of a lower grade, who, though ineligible for promotion to the "covenanted" service, would bring to bear upon their work the experience of years. This temporary promotion of understrappers at least might result in the awarding of suitable sentences. And, at the same time, if the Government would have the sense to withhold the right to appeal, the labours of the upper judicial bench would be lightened, and a check might be placed upon the vanishing prestige of the Anglo-Indian.

Unfortunately, India is governed from England, with the lamentable result that the practical advice of the men on the spot is generally disregarded.

THE WORKING OF THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

(Further criticisms of the working of the Act and a few suggestions.)

We have received the following very suggestive letter from a well-informed correspondent, who, whilst endorsing our views as to the working of the Small Holdings Act, rightly takes exception to our statement that it is expected to add largely to the number of "small landowners." We should, of course, have written "tenants."

Permit me to make a few remarks suggested by your admirable article on the above in John Bull of July 31.

(1) In the article you say the Act is expected to add "largely to the number of small landowners." But is not this next to impossible? Land obtained *compulsorily* under the Act cannot be sold by the Councils, and the old Act showed that little land will be obtained by agreement. The effect of the recent Act will be to simply create a number of State tenants who, under existing conditions, can never adopt your otherwise excellent suggestions of buying outright.

(2) Although it is thus impossible for the tenants to own the land they improve and cultivate, the State forces them to gradually pay the purchase-money of the land, of which the State ultimately becomes absolute owner, in addition to having its purchase-money and interest repaid by other people. Is not this exactly the policy of the Dukes, and other ground-landlords, who are so scathingly denounced by members of the Cabinet (who fathered this Small Holdings Act) when defending reversion duty?

(3) Your description of the Board of Agriculture as the "Lord High Everything" is justifiable, and the Act is another instance of the present Government's tendency to make its departments as autocratic as Russian grand dukes. The Judges in the High Court a few days since found themselves compelled by the terms of the Small Holdings Act to uphold this absolute finality of the Board of Agriculture's decisions; but a glaring example of the unwisdom of such a state of things is shown by the blow administered to the Education Department by the recent unanimous decision of three High Court judges who upset that department's interpretation of the Act.

(4) Possibly this overlordship of the Board of Agriculture and the presence on County Councils of many landowners make these Councils rather unduly cautious. If they would take a little risk one might understand the debit to the tenant of instalments of purchase-money referred to in (2) above. But I know one Council which has refused a scheme (approved by everyone who has enquired into it) simply because of a right reserved to another landowner to lay a sewer under the land proposed for allotments, which, if the sewer is ever laid, will have the benefit of connecting with it. Hundreds of private persons freely accept this condition when dealing with adjoining land, but the County Council deem it an insuperable objection!

(5) The Act was stated to be passed to get people "back to the land." But the suggested undeveloped land duty will hit most of the allotments, because such land, if it is to be of any value for allotments, must be near the tenants' houses, and will, therefore, have some possible building value. Where is the consistency of the two theories? This should be strenuously pressed in opposition to the undeveloped land duty, which stands on an entirely different footing from the increment and reversion duties which can, in the main, be justified.

THE PARTY POLITICIAN.

I'm a party politician, and I do my duty well,
I never give the Whip a bit of worry;
At the tintinabulation of the loud division bell
You should see me through the House of Commons hurry:
Though I may not know the reason, I am there at duty's call,—
I'm a party politician—that is all.

When a Bill comes up for reading I await my leader's word,
He tells me to support it or oppose it;
He does the thinking for me, so it would be quite absurd
For me to think as well—the party knows it:
I'm an automatic figure that parades St. Stephen's Hall,—
I'm a party politician—that is all.

When I visit my constituents I'm told what I must say,
And I carry out my orders to the letter;
I haven't got the courage or the wish to disobey,
I am my leader's slave, and love the fetter:
If I were free I might project my head against a wall,—
I'm a party politician—that is all.

Retlaw.

DO YOU WANT A GUINEA? IF SO—
What is Your Number?
See page iii of cover.

"IN THE AIR."

NOTES ON AVIATION.

By W. PARKER.

The Idea—and the Sequel.

A correspondent writes from Teddington asking, among other things, what the "ample funds" which Mr. Asquith tells us are to be allotted for aviation purposes this year are for. We have received none of them ourselves, alas! and do not know, so we can only wish our correspondent better luck. The nice question as to priority in certain ideas connected with the *ballonnet* would seem to be a matter for the Patent Office authorities to decide. So far as an internal *ballonnet* containing air is concerned, the idea was projected as far back as 1784 by General Meunier in France and was used by Dupuy de Lome in the dirigible which he started constructing during the siege of Paris and with which he succeeded in making some effective flights in 1872. Since then it has formed part of Santos Dumont's and many other dirigibles; while, as is well known, the external gas *ballonnet* as used on the *Ville de Paris*, &c., is employed for stabilising fore-and-aft, rather than for the purpose of keeping the envelope inflated. Ideas, however ingenious, are not inventions in the legal sense unless duly specified and patented. I distinctly remember evolving the "Removable Rim" myself in the year of grace—I forget!—but it was a vain imagining on my part and never crystallised, or, obviously, I should now be buying aeroplanes and things of my own instead of writing about them (even on the most liberal space rates), so "*tant pis pour moi!*" Certainly original ideas always have their practical value, but to secure the due rewards there is only one safe formula in a piratical age, viz., pass them through the mild crucible of the Patent Office, set aside to cool, and submit the result to a competent company-promoter, who may be implicitly trusted to separate the gold from the dross, reserving, of course, most of the former for himself as a small return for his time and trouble. Necessity *may* be the mother of invention (out upon these proverbs!)—but one thing is certain, the inventor is, in most cases, the parent of his own necessities. This homily, it may be added, is not directed at Teddington in particular, but is humbly addressed to all inventors whatsoever, who inhabit that vast empire over which JOHN BULL circulates, and the sun never sets.

Railway Facilities for Rheims.

The South Eastern and Chatham Company has arranged with the Continental lines for a special return rate of £1 17s. first and £2 os. 6d. second-class, available for the Aviation week. This for members of the Aero Club. The party will leave Victoria at 11 a.m. Saturday, August 21st, arriving at Rheims about 6 p.m. It is a well-deserved concession to the British Club, which is sure to be widely taken advantage of by members. It is to be hoped the general public will also be given an opportunity of witnessing the event at reasonable fares. Nothing will do more to awaken interest here than to see what France and America are already doing day by day, and those who miss the object-lesson are not likely to have another chance for some time to come, at least within such easy reach.

Difficulties at Home.

The prize of £1,000 for the first British-built aeroplane to fly a mile should bring some machines into the field. It is impossible not to sympathise, however, with some of the difficulties and discouragements that English experimenters have to meet at home. Lack of capital may be the cause to some extent, but lack of encouragement is, if anything, harder to fight. Not all of our trial grounds are yet suitable, and as to the public lands, one correspondent whose zeal for aviation should have met with different treatment, has been repeatedly refused access to these by the authorities. It seems a British subject has little chance and must work out his own salvation unaided. It is a pity. Better for the true spirit of sport the one sinner that flyeth on an English aeroplane now than the ninety-and-nine just persons who will later on form limited liability companies to exploit foreign machines. Adapting the brainwork of foreigners to our own commercial needs is only justifiable on the supposition that we cannot think or invent for ourselves. This is not true, as several experimenters now struggling with apathy and distrust at home could soon demonstrate did we condescend to take them into our confidence. But that would be unfashionable.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See Page iii of Cover.

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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Manchester, Bishop's Court, Higher Broughton, Manchester.

My Lord Bishop,—I have noticed with amazement, that in the exercise of your episcopal functions your lordship has procured the indefinite postponement of the re-marriage of the Rev. A. E. Foster, vicar of St. Luke's, Preston. Through no fault of his own, or, at any rate, through no fault of which the courts of this realm take cognisance, the reverend gentleman was some months ago compelled to divorce his wife. A free man, there was no legal reason why he should not re-marry, and if, in fact, he had done so without consulting your lordship he would not have committed an ecclesiastical offence, which could have brought him within your punitive jurisdiction. But he asked, as a clergyman loyal to his bishop. He acquainted you with the facts of his previous unhappy marriage, and with his intention to enter into another alliance, at his own church, the former vicar having undertaken to perform the ceremony. The date had already been fixed for the wedding, when you refused your sanction and brought such pressure to bear as to indefinitely postpone the marriage. It is now added by those writing from the parish that "the strain, combined with the present unpleasant situation, has told upon the reverend gentleman's health, and compelled him to take a lengthy rest." Doubtless, the lengthy rest was duly prescribed by your lordship, and he took it as episcopal medicine.

I cannot believe that even in the Church there can be many persons who will approve of your misuse of ecclesiastical authority. By prohibiting his marriage you have proved the narrowness of your mind and possibly destroyed the happiness of two lives. From every point of view I cannot do otherwise than regard your attitude as indefensible.

John Bull.

To the Magistrates, Malling, Kent.

Gents,—I have my keenest eye on you, so be careful. I have already noticed how you dealt with a woman, who, professing to be destitute, but in reality possessing the sum of four pence, all good coin of this our Christian realm, obtained admission to the casual ward of the local workhouse. The reporter puts it that when brought before you "she elected to go to prison for seven days as the penalty," from which it would appear that the alternative was a fine of £5 and costs, or at any rate, the forfeiture of the four pence. It is difficult to imagine that she "elected" to do the seven days. Even if she did, I wish to point out to you that you had no business to let her do it. Perhaps some day there will be a Justice Judging Court, to bring up magistrates of your kidney, to answer to a charge of not knowing what they are on the bench for. In that day you may find me on a high seat in the middle of the bench, and then you will not get seven days, but twenty-seven; also I'll see to it that you work by the sweat of your brows while you are in. In the meantime, you can thank your lucky stars.

John Bull.

To the Rev. W. Seddon Cooper, Barnett Wood Lane, Leatherhead.

Rev. Brother,—I lament to read in the *Leatherhead Wesleyan Church Record*, of which I gather you are the guiding light and the leading spirit, that you have been dismayed because "dancing was part of the programme arranged for the Garden Fête at Yew Tree House." It seems this was done entirely without the knowledge or consent of the ministers, "and, we cannot," you say, "view the matter with any but the deepest sorrow." "Never before in the whole of our experience of Methodism," you add in your powerful organ, "have we heard of such a thing as a means of raising Funds for Church purposes, and we feel it only right that whoever is interested in the matter should know that, from the moment we heard that Dancing was intended, we held aloof from it. Under the circumstances we cannot accept any part of the amount realised by the effort." If it must be it must be, dear brother; your portion, I understand, will be remitted to the heathen, who, in his blindness, bows down to wood and stone.

I am bound to tell you, nevertheless, that I am somewhat puzzled at the attitude you have adopted in this matter. Why this unholy prejudice against dancing? If it be a praiseworthy and a blessed thing to hold a garden fête to raise funds for spiritual purposes, in what way does it become sinful to dance on the sward. Dancing is a most innocent pastime. I cannot imagine that even the Rev. W. Seddon Cooper would be any the worse for tripping it with a pretty woman, if she be skilled and airy withal. Did not David the Psalmist himself dance before the Ark, girded only with a linen ephod? Does not he bid us praise the Lord with the timbrel and the dance? Art thou, O minister, a greater and a holier than David? And is there not warrant from Ecclesiastes that there is a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance? Art thou, O minister, greater and a more blessed than Ecclesiastes? If when the stricken mourn before us we lament, shall the glad reproach us that though they pipe unto us we do not dance? Get thee gone for an evil-thinking Puritan, rev. brother. Cannot you see that if the Churches and the Chapels, the Sects and the Creeds, are all as joyful as they pretend to be, it is they who ought to do most of the dancing which is done in this world? Let us all dance while the chance is with us, for the day cometh when we shall dance no more.

John Bull.

To Mrs. Roberts, 17, Percy Street, Cardiff.

Dear Madam,—I hear that while alone in the house the other afternoon, you found a tremendous snake comfortably coiled up asleep on the bedroom landing, and that instead of waking this peaceful vertebrate by screaming for all the neighbours to come in and help you hit it over the head so that it couldn't wake if it wanted to. 'Tis a brave deed, madam, and I congratulate your husband on having so brave a wife. He will now feel that he can safely leave you alone with the mice.

John Bull.

To Miss Charlotte Mansfield.

Madame,—I do not wish to minimise your pluck or endurance in any way, but the fact of your being able to travel from the Cape to the vicinity of Cairo without white companions and without unpleasant adventures, proves the astonishing ease and security now attending a journey through Afric's golden sands. The fact that rumours of infectious disease deterred you from venturing inside Cairo proves that you had been inured to no great perils by the way. The greater part of your trip, moreover, was spent in the comparative security of steamers, railways, and gun-boats. In fact, you have now demonstrated the Cape-to-Cairo route as a field for trippers.

I must say that I do not entirely appreciate your attitude towards natives. Your highest praise is that you found them "obedient servants." What future can be anticipated for a continent of obedient servants? John Bull.

Beerbohm Tree, His Majesty's Theatre.

See you consider censorship necessary. Artful dog! Let us hear how you choose your magistrates when you want to stop other people's pleasure. Bull.

King Edward VII., Marienbad.

Hope you will enjoy your cure, and leave 'Bad feeling better. Respects and Salutations. Bull.

Beresford, Carlton Club, London.

Seem to have been not only sat on by Navy Inquiry Committee, but awfully squashed. Feel like having another go? Bull.

The Shah, Persia.

Learn with regret you have recently been trying to run away home to mamma and papa. Can quite understand you have pain in Crown, but do try to bear it like brave little boy. Bull.

The Shops Bill.—Mr. Bottomley will deal more fully with this measure in his next article on "The Suicide of a Great Government."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President: HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.
Offices: 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Object. *To oppose Cant and Self-Righteousness, and to promote a robust and self-reliant public opinion, independently of all creeds and parties.*

"SCENES IN THE HOUSE."

"OH, FOR THAT BUSINESS GOVERNMENT!"

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the City Editor.

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue must be received not later than Friday.

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance and other Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information which may be of public interest.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY.

Henry F. James, of Detroit, is on the war-path against this Company, and upon his representation, Attorney-General Bird has filed Information in the Supreme Court at Lancing, charging the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, O., with violating the Michigan Anti-Trust Statute, and asking that they be restrained from continuing business in Michigan. Among other allegations as to the practices of the American company are the following:—

During the last few years Detroit has been the hotbed of the battle between the smaller firms and the National Company. Several Detroit factories manufacturing cash registers were forced to discontinue business, and either closed down, or sold out to the National firm. Among them were the late former Alderman Tony Weiler's plant and former Senator McGraw's factory, which built a machine called the Century.

Some of the more important charges made by James, and drawn up by his attorneys, Clark, Lockwood and Bryant, which were indorsed by the attorney-general, are:

That the National Cash Register Company employed agents to gather up most of the stock of the rival firms, so that they eventually would gain control of them, and put them out of business.

That the machines taken out of the 100 or more plants which have been closed down by the National Company are placed in a separate room in their Dayton plant, and exhibited to prospective cash register manufacturers and agents as horrible examples of the fate of the independents. A photograph of the "graveyard," as it is called, is in the hands of James's attorneys.

That the agents of the National Cash Register Company trail representatives of the smaller firms and attempt to break contracts made by the independents after their salesmen have left.

It is charged that they station employes at express offices, to watch all shipments of the products of the contending firms. When the destination of a shipment is learned, an agent of the Dayton firm promptly journeys ahead of it and attempts to persuade the purchaser to cancel his order.

It is declared spies are sent out to the factories of the smaller dealers to keep the Company advised as to the movements of the opposition.

When a firm produces a new style of a cash register the Dayton firm promptly imitates it, it is alleged, not for the purpose of selling it, but to pass out among the agents, who show the prospective purchaser that they have such a machine in stock, but advise that it is worthless.

A whole force of representatives of the National Cash Register Company is often ordered to direct its attention toward downing one firm engaged in the manufacture of cash registers, it is alleged. Several other charges are named.

Our readers will understand that these are alleged to be the methods of the American parent company, and that it does not necessarily follow that the off-shoot company doing business in this country has resorted to any similar questionable practices.

SOUTH-WEST LONDON TRADESMEN'S PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

With respect to this matter, as bearing upon the identity of the man Cook, William Edward Cook, to whom we referred in our issue of July 31st, we have received a letter from an Accountant, from which we take the following:—

I saw him (Rackham) once or twice in October, 1907, as to an appointment as Consulting Accountant to the Society (the S.W. London Tradesmen's Provident Society), and he then informed me that he was the presiding genius and that the nominal secretary was one of his sons engaged in a small jeweller's shop, of the same address, and that "William Edward Cook" were his (the son's) Christian names.

THE PEKIN SYNDICATE.

The directors of the Pekin Syndicate announce that an arrangement recently made by the British Minister in Pekin, whereby the Syndicate undertook not to sell coal in less quantities than 100 tons at the pit's mouth, has now been formally accepted by the Chinese Government, and an Imperial Decree has been issued ordering the Governor of Honan to strictly instruct the officials to cancel the existing prohibition.

The output and sales of coal up to June 30th, 1909, are as follows:—

	Output.	Sales.	Boiler consumption.
December Quarter Tons	12,648	4,989	5,780
March " "	29,381	7,374	5,177
June " "	57,568	6,500	4,292

RUBBER-PRODUCING COMPANIES.

We have to acknowledge copy of the third edition (August, 1909) of this very useful publication, which gives a mass of information respecting Rubber companies. It is published with a directory of Directors of the Sterling Companies, and is compiled by Messrs. Gow, Wilson and Stanton, the well-known Tea and Rubber Produce Stock and Share Brokers of Rood Lane, E.C. Nothing is more remarkable than the rapid expansion of the rubber producing industry in very recent years, and it may be said that the rapid growth of the rubber industry in Malaya and Ceylon is unique in the history of agriculture. In the former country there are to-day more than 250,000 acres of planted rubber. Ten years ago not more than 1-30th of that acreage existed. At the end of last year about 14,000 acres of trees planted were in bearing, and yielded an average of 1 lb. 13 ozs. per tapped tree. The number of concerns capitalised in sterling which are engaged in the rubber industry has risen within the last 18 months from 143 to 200, while those capitalised in other currencies have likewise increased in number.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

The Scholastic and General Investment Registry.—T. E. (Lichfield).—We are obliged to you for the papers you send us from these people, offering shares in the Giant Californian Mining Company, Limited, and guaranteeing to buy them back from you at any time in two months from purchase at not less than the price you pay. We advise you not to buy these shares, notwithstanding the so-called guarantee of the people you name.

London Banking Corporation, Limited.—J. G. S. S. (Glasgow).—If you want the bond you should tender the balance over the counter, but not part with the money until they have handed you the bond.

The Automatic Wheels Phonographs.—With reference to the letter we published from a correspondent who was a shareholder in this concern, we have received various communications, all pointing in one direction, namely, that the people who were behind it are to be avoided.

Provident Association of London.—Hesitating (Dover).—Read the printed matter they supply, and judge for yourself. Anxiety (Bournemouth).—It is not a building society.

Trustworthy Brokers.—J. N. (Llanagarvey).—We always recommend dealing with members of the Stock Exchange.

National Old Age Pensions.—E. G. (Heathfield).—No, we do not think it is "all that it is represented to be."

D. H. Evans Founders' Shares.—J. D. (Kennington).—We agree that the present yield is attractive.

Wm. Whiteley's, Limited.—W. V. T. (Alfreton).—The cumulative preference shares represent a sound investment.

Japanese and Eastern Corporation.—Viria (Frome).—What is it you want to know? Your letter does not make it clear. We return your papers.

Equitable House Property Company.—G. W. T. (Sunderland).—The answer is in the negative.

Government and Municipal Securities Corporation.—E. R. H. (Hassocks).—We have nothing to add to the statement that appeared in a recent issue.

National Provincial Bank of England.—National Provincial (Belfast).—The Bank is, as you must surely know, one of the greatest in the United Kingdom, and you would be very foolish to sell your shares because the quotation is a little lower than it was when you bought. The only possible objection to the shares is that there is a heavy liability upon them, the share being of £60, and the amount paid only £12. But that, of course, you were aware of when you bought them.

Rudge, Whitworth and Company (Foreign).—J. C. D. (Gateshead).—No.

Tasmanian Exploration Company, Limited.—W. A. S. (Cardiff).—The company was registered in Guernsey in 1904, and is a reconstruction of a company of the same name registered in Tasmania in 1895. The shares are not dealt in on the Stock Exchange, and in our opinion they are of no value.

Deposit of £300.—J. H. R. (Bideford).—The concern to which you refer has been doing business for many years, and has met its obligations. We think it is not unlikely that it will continue to do so, but it publishes no accounts from which its position may be gathered, and for that and other reasons we cannot advise you to put your money into it.

Johnson and Phillips Ordinary.—A. T. S. (Westcombe Park).—We think not.

A. Darracq and Company.—Cheriton (Oswestry).—We should prefer another selection.

F. Frickey and Company.—P. P. (Penge).—The waste paper basket is the place for Messrs. Frickey and Co.'s circulars.

Safe Investment.—Careful (London).—You would certainly run very little risk in buying the debenture stock of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, New Zealand Inscribed Stock, or Metropolitan Water Board Stock.

Two Rhodesian Companies.—A. M. G. (Greenock).—We should be disposed to hold them. They may possibly go better, and at present you could not get much for them.

Hungarian Lotteries.—H. R. (Halifax).—It is sufficient in answer to your enquiries to say that we do not recommend our readers to send any money to these lotteries.

The Anglo-American Finance Corporation.—J. T. (Briton Ferry).—We have not the slightest idea.

Status of Bank.—T. W. W. (King's Cross).—(1) You seem to have a pretty good idea of the real state of affairs. (2) The people whose circular you send us should be avoided. (3) With reference to the French outside brokers you name, if you know that their charges are above market rates, and think they are justifiably so, having regard to what they do for you, there is no more to be said.

Mercantile Bank of London.—R. P. (Hastings).—The answer to your first question is in the negative, and to your second in the affirmative.

The Issuing House of London, Limited.—J. A. G. (Merthyr Vale).—According to the letter from these people you send us dated 4th August, there is a total balance due to you of £30 14s., but they are "unable to send you a cheque owing to the managing director's absence through illness." We presume that in the managing director's absence there is somebody else to carry on the business, but the outlook for your cheque is not bright.

THE WORKMEN'S LEGAL SOCIETY.—H. M. (Camberwell).—The ticket seems all right. We return it.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY.—S. R. S. (Bristol).—We can only advise you, as we have advised others, that there are several test cases which are likely to come off after the Long Vacation, and we think it will be prudent for you to await their result before taking action. J. K. and S. (Newton Abbott).—Your better way is to do nothing until one of the test actions has been tried, and that should be almost immediately upon the Courts opening after the Long Vacation. We return the two letters you send us from the company. LEEDS.—No, and is not likely to be until after the Long Vacation. DUPID (Dudley).—Ditto.

A. B. C. CAB COMPANY.—S. (W. Kensington).—There is a good deal of truth in the circular letter you send us, but we should not take the action it recommends.

RADIO TELEPHONE COMPANY.—MORRIS (Leeds).—Our information is much to the same effect as your own. If you have an opportunity of selling the shares we think you will do well to avail yourself of it.

WELSBACH ORDINARY.—CONCORD (Whitehaven).—At the price you quote, the purchase looks attractive, but, if you buy, bear in mind it is a very speculative purchase.

N.E. LINCOLNSHIRE WATER COMPANY.—A. D. B. (Shrewsbury).—(1) Why not write to the Secretary and ask him why it is there has been no balance-sheet. (2) If the local Soda Water Company is doing well and paying steady dividends, why change your investment? (3) Your bank shares are absolutely safe.

NATIONAL FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.—R. T. P. (Hornsey).—Yes.

WYMAN AND SONS.—CHINA (Margate).—In the circumstances, we think you had better hold.

VAAL RIVER GOLD FIELDS.—C. A. D. (Chippenham).—Your position being what it is, you had much better not purchase speculative mining shares, however likely they may be to go up. There is always the chance of their going down, and what then?

LOAN FROM BANKER.—B. F. (Brighton).—You say you went to your banker to borrow £200, and offered him 15 per cent. interest, and that you cannot understand why, having offered him so much above the ordinary rate, he refused to make the advance. We should find it difficult to imagine a more convincing ground for refusal than this offer of yours.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TERRITORIES, LIMITED.—R. J. V.—We do not see that you have any ground for complaint. You cannot play fast and loose when taking up shares. We return your papers.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—G. B. (Belfast).—The answer is in the negative.

J. J. (Doncaster).—Ditto.

PROMOTERS OF COMPANY.—C. R. B. M. (Perth).—We advise you to keep clear of the people you name.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—E. K. (London).—We do not recommend people who offer 10 per cent. interest upon loans.

BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.—CAREFUL JOHN (Catford).—(1) You would run no risks in depositing with this society. (2) The shares of the three banks you name would not be suitable for a person in your position, the liability for uncalled capital being much too heavy. WELL WISHER (Wimbledon Park).—We can only refer you to the statements made at the time to which you refer.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—T. L. C. (Petersfield).—Better have nothing to do with them. E. H. (Gateshead).—On no account do what you suggest.

PREMIUM BOND.—C. B. (Surbiton).—There is no reason to suppose that the bond is not genuine. E. J. S. (Battersea).—Have nothing to do with the people who send you the pamphlet you have forwarded to us.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—BAXTER (Warwick).—We do not see that you have any real ground of complaint against the Trust. You took out a bond, you failed to keep up your payments, you asked for time, they gave you three months. You asked that the bond should be reduced from £300 to £100, and they consented upon conditions which do not seem to us unfair. You must bear in mind that when a man takes out a bond the subscription upon which he cannot keep up, he is more or less at the mercy of the society whose bond he has taken, and you cannot expect them to meet his wishes as to suspension of payment and reduction on the amount of the bond without being willing to submit to some loss.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE COMPANY.—J. A. (Glasgow).—We are sorry you sent your money before you saw the warning in "J. B." Now you write that having invested it in the so-called cumulative system of these people "the time has expired and I cannot get any statement from them at all, not even an acknowledgment to my letters." We really do not know what you can do. The concern is run by an individual named Pelham, who gives the usual worthless guarantee in connection with cover deals.

VARIOUS MINING SHARES.—S. A. E. (Hendon).—We should sell for what you can get. Communicate with a member of the Stock Exchange.

AMERICAN MINING SHARES.—B. B. M. C. (Sheffield).—Very poor.

CONTINENTAL SYSTEM.—L. L. (Eastbourne).—What Continental system is it to which you refer?

PROFIT AND PLEASURE.—INQUIRER (Wimbledon).—Our advice to you is not to send the 3s. 6d.

THE BRITISH AND COLONIAL TRADE SYNDICATE.—J. H. M. (Bristol).—We have no information as to this concern or the other you name.

THE UNITED KINGDOM GENERAL AND FOREIGN ACCOUNTANCY OFFICES.—A C C. (Glasgow).—The answer is in the negative.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—SENTINAL (Edinburgh).—The standing of the Trust is good. We advise you to continue your payments.

THE BOURSE AND EXCHANGE.—W. F. L. (Cardiff).—A solicitor's letter might get you your money, and—might not. We advise you to steer clear of the sort of Stock Exchange transaction you indicate in your letter.

MORTON LODGING COMPANY.—W. B. M. (Highbury).—We know nothing to their discredit. The letter has been returned to you.

MONTANA COPPER SHARES.—H. W. G. (Hexham-on-Tyne).—We regret that we cannot assist you in the matter of the 250,000 shares.

BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY.—P. T. (Streatham).—The answer to your questions is in the negative.

PALACE RESTAURANTS.—PAP (Birmingham).—If you can sell your shares, do so.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—SHUBBER (Harrogate).—We do not like the list you send us.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.—F. D. (Oakley Square).—The societies whose papers you send us are all sound. We return your papers.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—R. M. (Lewisham).—We think you would be safe in opening an account. The cheques are accepted in the ordinary way.

PREMIUM BONDS.—BRUSSELS (Birmingham).—If you will cut off your overdue coupons, and forward them to Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., they will remit you their value, and for a single fee of sixpence per bond they will undertake to watch the drawings for you, and likewise ascertain whether the bonds have been drawn up to date. This reply answers many similar questions we have recently received from other correspondents.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

UNIVERSAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—G. B. (Leeds).—You take exception to an answer in a recent issue, in which we said that this company "is now under sound management," and you imply that in saying this we were misleading our readers. You admit that "no one can say" that our reply is "absolutely incorrect," but you suggest that it is misleading. In support of this opinion you give us certain information respecting the company, which is intended to satisfy us that we have been misled. In the first place, you say that the report for 1908 has not as yet been published. As to that, we understand that the papers are now before Mr. King, the well-known actuary, the directors being desirous of a proper actuarial valuation, and this is the only reason for the delay in issuing the report. You go on to criticise the management, and to say that one of the directors is Mr. F. Kinder, who was a director of the Casualty Insurance Company, and "what happened to that company everyone interested in insurance knows." As to Mr. Kinder, he is a well-known Alderman of Leeds, and his character requires no defence at our hands. You are right in saying that what happened to the Casualty Insurance Company is known to most people interested in insurance. It is also true that Mr. Kinder was a director of the company, but what of it? It appealed to the public for capital, the subscription in response was inadequate, no business was ever done by the company, and the whole of the subscriptions were returned to the shareholders. Then you say that the manager of the Universal, Mr. S. Craven, is an undischarged bankrupt, and it is true that he is. But we are quite sure you know, too, that his bankruptcy was due to undertakings which he entered into to help others, and that there was no sort of personal dishonour connected with it. It is true that in the past there was a good deal to criticise in the management of the Universal Insurance Company. We have said so before now, but our information is that it is now under sound and capable management, and that it has a financial backing adequate to its requirements. What Mr. King's report may be we do not pretend to know, but we are satisfied that whatever recommendations he may make will be carried out, as far as practicable, by the Board. Anyway, we shall see his report when it is completed, and you may rely upon it that if anything comes to our knowledge to satisfy us that the Universal is not deserving of public support we shall not hesitate to say so.

SAILOR'S INSURANCE.—G. W. R. (Brighton).—The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada would accept this kind of risk without extra premium, provided that a 20-year endowment or 15 limit on the payment life plan be selected. We do not care for the first of the offices about which you inquire, the second is an excellent one in every respect

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—X. Y. Z. (Cardiff).—It is a question of the interpretation of the contracts entered into between you and the Trust. These contracts may have imposed upon you terms which now seem to you unfair or onerous, but which have to be observed if the Trust holds you to them. R. W. (Prestwich).—It is a sound society.

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION.—J. O'C. (Lincoln).—We note that after going into the matter again, the company have reinstated the policy, which ends the matter satisfactorily

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—PHILIPS (Grimsby).—It is a mutual office, excellently managed, and giving good bonus results to its participating policy-holders.

LOSS OF POLICY.—H. O. H. (Crawley).—You should communicate with the office. Your letter implies that you have not kept up your premiums, in which case, of course, the policy has lapsed. But, anyway, if you want to put things straight, you should apply to the head office.

NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.—HULL (South Shields).—Yes, certainly, it is a sound office, absolute security is given by a fund of over 2¾ millions carefully invested, a list of the investments being published.

INSURANCE OF LIFE.—NOTTINGHAM.—You do not give us the name of the office in which you are insured. If you do so, we may be able to answer your enquiry.

LAW GUARANTEE SOCIETY.—W. E. (Egremont).—We have your letter, which is noted.

THE NATIONAL AND CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE CORPORATION.—E. A. J. (Llandilo).—We should prefer another selection.

THE NATIONAL STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—A. S. (Maidstone).—It is a young company under vigorous management. You are mistaken in saying that it has taken over the British Natural Premium Company. It sought to do so, but there have been difficulties put in the way by the Courts.

FOUR INSURANCE OFFICES.—S. (Pontypridd).—Any one of them is in the front rank.

TWO SOCIETIES.—W. B. H. (York).—The Woolwich Equitable is a very sound society. We know nothing about the Hull one you mention.

"ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT."—E. M. (Norbury).—We are much obliged to you for your letter.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES.—H. P. (Cambridge Heath).—We should advise a different selection.

INSURANCE OF FURNITURE.—A. H. (Birmingham).—You should go to a non-tariff office. One of the best of these is the Fine Art and General.

THE THRONE INSURANCE SOCIETY.—A READER FROM No. 1 (Spitalfields).—We think not.

CITY AND COUNTY INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. S. (Lerwick).—We do not see how you are to get over the objection of the general manager, who points out to you that, according to condition 1 of your policy, you are not entitled to benefit as your illness occurred before you had been a policy-holder 13 weeks. It is not suggested that your friend did not act in good faith; on the other hand, the company must have regard to the conditions under which it issues policies. We return your papers.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—FUTURE PROVISION (Dorking).—It is an enterprising and up-to-date institution, and has within the last few years broken up new ground in accepting proposals, under certain conditions, without the formality of medical examination, also premiums, when required, by monthly payments. In the metropolitan district, in which it has a number of branch offices, the company is very strongly represented. It has an accident and miscellaneous, as well as its leading life assurance department. It is in the front rank of insurance offices.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—E. S. W. (Birmingham).—It is a sound and well-managed society.

LAW CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—E. J. G. (Evesham).—1806 was, of course, a misprint. The company was established in 1906. Its subscribed capital has been increased to £244,000 in £1 ordinary shares, some fully paid, and others from 1s. to 5s. paid.

THE BRITANNIC INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. W. L. (Woking).—The company was formerly known as the British Workmen's and General Insurance Company, Limited. It transacts both ordinary and industrial life business, and is quite sound.

With reference to Human Document LVI, we have to acknowledge the following sums, which we have forwarded to the writer:—L.G., £1; "R," Salcombe, £1; I.B., 10s.; "Reader," Saltburn, 5s.; W.H.R., 5s.; W.H.S., 5s.; S.R.C. 5s.; A Reader in Brum., 5s.; XL. H., 2s. 6d.; E.L., Durham, 2s. 6d.; P.O.F., Gravesend, 1s. 6d.; "One who tries to live like a Christian," 1s. 6d.; W.A.T., Whitley Bay, 1s.; "Stripe," 1s.; Derby, 1s.; No name or address given, 6d.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

The report of the Select Committee which has been enquiring into the facts bearing upon Imprisonment for Debt is now issued. The Committee find that "the law as it is—*i.e.*, section 5 of the Debtor's Act of 1869—appears sound and salutary, and its administration by judges and magistrates, just." Now one of the principal objections to the working of the Act is the way in which it is administered by many magistrates. It is hardly too much to say that if every County Court judge did his duty the opposition to imprisonment for debt would practically disappear. It is because many of the County Court judges do not do their duty that the Act is so widely condemned. It requires that the judge shall be satisfied that the debtor can pay and will not pay before he makes an order for committal. There are County Court judges who remember this obligation, and who make most anxious enquiry as to the circumstances before they commit, and commit only when they are satisfied that the debtor is dishonest, that he could pay if he would. But there are others, and we fear the majority, who make no such enquiry, who are content to accept the statement of the solicitor who appears for the creditor, and often enough of the creditor himself, that the debtor can pay, and who make the Order of Committal without having any regard whatever to the real position of the man, or the injustice it may inflict upon him, and the misery it may bring upon those dependent upon him.

The Committee go on to say, in support of their finding that the administration by judges and magistrates is just, that "a very large majority of the County Court judges" are of the opinion that the "abolition of the power of imprisonment would tend to injuriously affect the credit now given to the working classes," a credit which in time of strikes or depression of trade is most beneficial to those who are thrown out of work. Here we have the one plausible argument in favour of maintenance of imprisonment for debt. So far as its abolition would restrict credit in ordinary times, we consider that to be advantageous rather than otherwise to the working man. A system of credit induces him, as it induces others, to buy what he cannot afford, and what he can do without.

The tradesman who gives credit to a working man knows pretty well the character of the man he is giving it to, and if that character be good he will trust him on the occasion of a strike or illness, quite as much without the protection of a possible Committal Order hereafter as he would with the law as it is. Where credit would be hit is precisely where it should be hit—*i.e.*, in the case of the tallyman, and persons of that class, who go from door to door when the workman is away at his work, and induce foolish women to buy jewellery and the like they do not want, without the knowledge of the husband, who only learns of it when he receives a County Court summons. The Committee admit the great growth of this class of business. They say that the evidence shows that "there has been a great increase in the vendors of jewellery, expensive watches, and all sorts of publications on the terms of payment by instalments at prices often many times in excess of their market value." That is the sort of credit that ought not to be encouraged, but to be stopped, and that would be stopped if imprisonment for debt were done away with, since the fear of imprisonment is the lever upon which these rascals work. What they are in favour of is a very material modification of the Act, which, whilst not abolishing imprisonment for debt, would for the most part restrict it to conditions to which no one would object. The County Court judges recommend that the existing law should be altered so as to exclude creditors from making use of section 5 of the Debtor's Act except in cases where their judgment debt has been obtained for either necessaries, or for damages for torts. It may be said that the duty of deciding what are necessaries would be a task beyond the power of the County Court judge, but, as even the Committee admit, the duty of deciding what are necessaries is one constantly performed by judges in regard to "infants" and so on, and there is no reason to suppose that the judges would be either incapable or unwilling to perform it in cases of debt. The amendment of the existing Act in this particular would go far to rectify the abuses complained of, and we hope to see it made by Parliament with the least possible delay.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Tenancy Agreement.—Brighton.—A verbal agreement is sufficient for a three years' tenancy, and if you have not signed any agreement you cannot be compelled to pay the 1os. 6d. charged for it. If the agent is not a solicitor, you should tell him that he is not entitled to make any charge for solicitor's work. As you have paid the rent in full, he is not entitled to deduct his charge from the rent due to the landlord. You are on safe ground, and we advise you not to give way.

Recovery of Loan.—Longuey (Newport).—Unless the interest on the loan has been paid within the past six years the debt is irrecoverable. The receipt you have is not a bill on which you can sue.

Property Tax.—H. W. M.—The tax is payable on the property, and if exemption can be claimed for the reason that the income is not equal to the assessment, the Commissioners of Inland Revenue will settle the matter and allow the deductions, and repay the tax.

Distress for Rent.—Constant Reader (Hackney).—As there were no goods belonging to the husband, those belonging to the wife were subject to distress for the rent due. If the wife did not sign any undertaking she can remove her own goods, and they could not be distrained on elsewhere, notwithstanding the undertaking of the husband.

Compensation for Fruit Trees.—Small Orchard.—You are entitled to compensation under the Agricultural Holdings Act, and you should serve a notice on the owner that you claim it.

Factory Acts.—W. F.—On the information you supply, we do not think that the Factory Acts have any application to the employment of the lad.

Jewellery in Cheapside.—B. F.—Your experiences at these "Compulsory Sale" and "Last Week" establishments are not exceptional, but we fear that the legal maxim that the buyer must look after himself would apply, and you would have no remedy. These shops live and thrive on the credulity of persons bearing your initials.

Notice to Quit.—Shepherd.—A landlord does not forego his right to arrears of rent by giving the tenant notice to quit. He can still distrain for all that is due to him.

Proving Will.—E. M. Y. (Acton).—The will could be proved without the aid of a solicitor for a small sum—merely the fees of the Probate Registry. Estate duties and legacy duty would be payable according to the amount of the estate.

Deed of Gift.—One in Doubt.—This does not require registration.

Tenancy.—Bolus.—Mere payment of rent monthly does not constitute a monthly tenancy, and it appears to us that the tenancy is a weekly one.

Trusteeship.—C. R. (Manchester).—A sufficient sum to cover expenses to London must be handed with a subpœna as conduct money. You had better answer to the proceedings, or you would be guilty of contempt. If you show that you have tried to get an account from the other trustee, you will escape liability.

Income Tax.—W. M. B.—You are liable to pay at the full rate of 1s 2d. in the £.

Bad Debts.—Mica I. W.—An agent is not liable personally for bad debts incurred by his principals on orders accepted and executed by them.

Naturalisation Agency.—M. M. H.—No licence or other authority is needed to enable any person to set up an agency for aiding foreigners to take out letters of naturalisation, but such agencies will not receive any recognition from the Home Office.

Receipt Stamp Law.—W. H. S.—Under the Stamp Act, 1891, any person who gives a receipt for a sum of money amounting to £2 or more must put on a 1d. receipt stamp and cancel it. If he fails to do so, both he and the person who accepts the receipt unstamped are liable to penalties of £10. The rule is equally applicable whether the amount is paid by cheque or not, and applies to all acknowledgments such as letters, etc.

Irish Linen.—J. T. C. (Thornton Heath).—If persons trade as "The Irish Linen Company" that is no guarantee that what they sell is Irish linen. If, when you buy a shirt, you ask for a warranty that it is Irish linen, and get it, you can prosecute the seller if it turns out not to be so.

Compensation for Injury.—Peggy.—The Courts have held that a person who employs a charwoman periodically is liable under the Workmen's Compensation Act for any injury, and it seems to us that you are liable. If, however, you can show that the woman used the ladder after being warned of the risk, and without your authority, you might escape liability.

Recreation Club.—Caleb (Llantrissant).—As the club is not a registered friendly society, or a company, it has no legal existence, and the members who propose to sell its property cannot legally do so, and certainly cannot pocket the proceeds. The best course is to hold a meeting of subscribers and donors, and decide what is to be done with the property, and appoint half a dozen reliable persons to act as trustees, with directions to realise the property and devote the proceeds to some charitable purpose. If there is any attempt on the part of the members to get the property into their own hands, you would probably find that the Charity Commissioners would interfere and appoint trustees for you, if you applied to them.

Solicitor's Fees for Lease.—Leaseholder (Southend).—The fees should not be less than five guineas, and not more than ten.

Compensation Money.—W. P. C.—You have no title to the money, and it passes to the husband.

Solicitor's Lien on Papers.—W. W. (Beverley).—If you pay the solicitor anything due to him for work done, you are entitled to delivery of your papers. You should demand them by registered letter, and say that you will apply to the Courts for an order for delivery.

Recovery of Deposit.—A. A. M.—All that you have to do is to obtain a receipt from your mother for the sum due, and tender it to the Borough Council, together with a letter of authority from your mother to them to pay the money to you. If they refuse, you should bring an action for the money in the County Court, after first having your mother's authority in writing to do so.

Legacy.—J. G. D.—The executor has a year in which to clear up the estate, and he is not obliged to pay the legacy before the expiration of that period. You should write to him, and ask for payment.

Aliens as M.P.'s.—W. H. A.—An alien is expressly disqualified by law from being eligible for membership of either House of Parliament. The man is an American.

Traveller's Agreement.—Traveller.—As there is no agreement the law would require a "reasonable" notice, and, as far as we can judge, a month's notice would be sufficient. You have entered into a fresh agreement, and, as there was nothing in the old one as to notice, it has no bearing on the matter.

Judges in the House of Lords.—Birmingham.—In 1856 Queen Victoria made Lord Wensleydale a life peer, but the House of Lords decided that the grant of this peerage did not entitle him to sit in the House as a member, and it was not until 1876 that certain Lords of Appeal were created by Statute (39 and 40 Vict. c. 59) with the rank of Baron, and the right to sit and vote so long as they held the office.

Obtaining Probate.—W. R. L.—You can obtain probate without employing a solicitor, if you apply for the necessary forms to the Probate Registry, Somerset House, W.C., and ask them whether there is a District Registry nearer to your home than London. All you have to pay is the duty and fees, which are small. You can state the value of the property, and this is rarely objected to, and, if it is, they will tell you what valuation to get.

Boarding House.—Kitson.—If all the property is sold to the man, he can remove it elsewhere and trade with it. The receipt would be evidence of the sale. He could employ you as his servant, and neither distress nor execution could be levied on him for your debts.

Murder Appeal.—G. T.—All that the magistrates and the Court did was quite in order and strictly according to law.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

£238,570 PAID TO CLIENTS ▪ RESERVE FUND **£30,000.**

IN further proof of our claim that clients make frequent profits, we now give particulars of payments made to another half-a-dozen clients. Every single cheque paid through their bankers can be seen.

ONE CLIENT WITH £6 MAKES £5,609.

Cheques.		Amounts.
C 21,180	...	£10 0 0
C 21,897	...	13 10 0
C 42,838	...	10 0 0
554	...	7 2 6
1,713	...	5 5 0
2,469	...	8 0 0
2,494	...	8 0 0
2,818	...	26 0 0
3,083	...	96 15 0
3,670	...	24 0 0
3,692	...	64 0 0
3,786	...	124 10 0
3,845	...	30 0 0
3,974	...	106 0 0
4,024	...	60 0 0
4,072	...	8 0 0
4,168	...	277 10 0
Car. forw'd		£878 12 6

Cheques. B'ght. for.		Amounts.
		£878 12 6
4,605	...	72 0 0
4,690	...	141 0 0
4,769	...	72 0 0
5,177	...	500 0 0
2,849	...	12 3 2
5,261	...	250 0 0
2,880	...	35 7 0
5,346	...	250 0 0
7,070	...	54 0 0
9,185	...	125 5 0
5,507	...	242 4 8
5,554	...	124 0 0
5,608	...	192 0 0
6,257	...	12 15 0
6,305	...	19 0 0
Car. forw'd		£2,980 7 4

Cheques. B'ght for.		Amounts.
		£2,980 7 4
6,371	...	24 0 0
6,439	...	8 10 0
6,472	...	12 0 0
8,089	...	45 0 0
8,201	...	175 0 0
8,216	...	7 2 6
7,716	...	89 14 0
7,963	...	36 6 0
7,468	...	22 0 0
7,516	...	44 0 0
7,563	...	10 0 0
7,587	...	21 10 0
7,635	...	52 15 0
6,591	...	88 10 0
6,650	...	30 0 0
Car. forw'd.		£3,646 14 10

Cheques. B'ght for.		Amounts.
		£3,646 14 10
6,691	...	202 10 0
6,745	...	75 15 0
7,198	...	9 0 0
7,256	...	16 0 0
6,044	...	75 10 0
7,034	...	22 10 0
9,274	...	152 17 9
9,565	...	92 8 9
10,336	...	331 7 0
10,745	...	121 4 6
10,901	...	69 10 0
11,280	...	76 13 6
11,331	...	13 4 6
11,665	...	643 0 0
11,919	...	61 0 10
Total		£5,609 6 8

FIVE OTHER CLIENTS (4 WITH £6) MAKE £2,996

C.G.B.'s A/c

Cheques.	Initials.		Amount.
1,300	C.G.B.	...	£10 9 8
1,478	„	...	35 0 0
2,274	„	...	24 0 0
2,699	„	...	20 10 0
2,738	„	...	12 0 0
3,057	„	...	7 1 8
3,419	„	...	12 10 0
3,809	„	...	55 0 0
4,494	„	...	157 10 0
4,568	„	...	83 15 0
4,682	„	...	40 0 0
5,463	„	...	100 0 0
6,427	„	...	69 7 6
6,506	„	...	67 10 0
6,627	„	...	60 0 0
6,712	„	...	67 10 0
6,892	„	...	80 0 0
8,217	„	...	27 10 0
8,423	„	...	65 0 0
			£944 13 5

R.J.C.'s A/c.

Cheques.	Initials.		Amount.
508	R.J.C.	...	£10 0 0
1,951	„	...	23 15 6
2,464	„	...	8 10 0
3,084	„	...	14 5 0
3,988	„	...	9 10 0
4,129	„	...	27 15 0
5,443	„	...	18 5 0
5,581	„	...	65 5 0
6,049	„	...	37 0 0
6,198	„	...	118 15 0
7,163	„	...	30 0 0
7,351	„	...	112 0 0
7,685	„	...	22 5 6
7,723	„	...	25 0 0
8,237	„	...	17 0 0
8,348	„	...	79 10 0
9,166	„	...	157 0 0
3,339	„	...	17 10 0
3,549	„	...	8 15 0
5,581	„	...	65 5 0
5,887	„	...	54 1 8
558	„	...	6 10 0
5,443	„	...	18 5 0
			£936 2 8

R.A.S.'s A/c.

Cheques.	Initials.		Amount.
C20,905	R.A.S.	...	£6 16 4
C22,212	„	...	26 5 0
677	„	...	6 0 0
833	„	...	27 10 0
403	„	...	42 10 0
1,164	„	...	60 0 0
1,553	„	...	16 8 10
1,771	„	...	59 6 9
3,129	„	...	60 0 0
7,723	„	...	40 0 0
7,564	„	...	14 7 6
8,119	„	...	23 2 0
8,610	„	...	47 10 0
8,668	„	...	25 0 0
8,901	„	...	107 9 2
8,987	„	...	13 10 0
9,070	„	...	18 15 0
			£593 10 7

H.V.'s A/c.

Cheques.	Initials.		Amount.
5,854	H.V.	...	£12 10 0
5,977	„	...	9 0 0
7,471	„	...	24 0 0
7,509	„	...	14 0 0
7,729	„	...	7 0 0
8,333	„	...	21 12 3
8,356	„	...	15 13 9
8,472	„	...	12 10 0
8,671	„	...	11 2 4
8,693	„	...	20 10 0
8,720	„	...	31 5 0
8,881	„	...	20 0 0
8,902	„	...	10 0 0
8,966	„	...	11 17 10
9,015	„	...	14 0 0
9,106	„	...	8 0 0
			£243 1 2

O.M.W.'s A/c. (NEW CLIENT)

Cheques.	Initials.		Amount.
7,968	O.M.W.	...	£84 0 0
8,409	„	...	75 0 0
8,866	„	...	24 0 0
9,114	„	...	96 0 0
			£279 0 0

EVERY SINGLE CHEQUE RECORDED ABOVE CAN BE SEEN AND VERIFIED AT THESE OFFICES.

"JOHN BULL" (Feb. 9) in one out of three notices says, "*If you win, you will be paid.*"

Telephone—712 London Wall. Telegrams—"Natsharex, London."

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON.

The National Share Exchange,

Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

J.B. 728

Please forward me a list of 10,500 *other cheques, together with full particulars of how six clients made on an average nearly* £1,500 *each, and others nearly* £230,000 *between them.*

NAME .....
(Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

ADDRESS IN FULL.....

.....

A THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.

OUR OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS FOR THE FORMATION OF A "BUSINESS GOVERNMENT."

The idea of a Business Government is in the air. People are sick and tired of the old Party game—the eternal Ins and Outs, with all the principal prizes to the lawyers and the professional politicians.

It is just dawning on the public mind that the First Lord of the Admiralty should be a practical sailor; the Secretary of War, an experienced soldier; the President of the Board of Trade, a man of commerce; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a financier—with a similarly qualified man at the head of every other department of the State.

Is the idea practicable? We wish our readers to answer the question. We are going to assume that a General Election takes place towards the end of the present year, and that, being over, the King is called upon to form a new Ministry. How should it be constituted? First, of what posts should it consist, and, secondly, who should be invited to fill them? There is no reason why the present system should be adhered to. The thing is to divide the business of the country into convenient departments and place the right men at their head. We propose to give, for a reason which will appear below, a selection of ten of such departments. They are as follows:—

Minister for Naval Affairs.	Minister for Indian Affairs.
Minister for Military Affairs.	Minister of Labour.
Minister for Home Affairs.	Minister of Commerce.
Minister for Foreign Affairs.	Minister for Municipal Affairs.
Minister for Colonial Affairs.	Minister of Finance.

Now, what we want our readers to do is to allot these posts to the most suitable men, and we will reward them by distributing

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

in the following way:—

£500 to the readers who, according to the whole of the coupons sent in, make the largest number of desirable appointments. This sum will be sub-divided into three awards of £250, £150, and £100.

£500 Consolation Awards, to be made in our absolute discretion, from One Pound upwards, to those readers who, according to the general consensus of opinion, have suggested desirable appointments.

We had intended to apportion £100 to each office, dividing the amount amongst those readers who selected the most popular name for the post; but it is pointed out to us that in some cases there might be such a general consensus of opinion in favour of a particular appointment that, after division, the amount coming to each competitor would be very small.

Although only one name may be given on any coupon for one post, each of the posts may, of course, be allotted—that is to say, no coupon may contain more than ten names, and in that case the ten names must cover the whole of the posts.

Coupons may be sent in at any time before SEPTEMBER 1ST. They will then be carefully scrutinised by a special staff.

We feel sure that our readers generally will appreciate this legitimate, interesting, and instructive competition. It should afford an attractive occupation during the holidays. By discussing it—at home, in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the boarding-house, on the boat, and in the char-a-banc, and in the office, the works and the shop—many names will crop up which will suggest just the man for one of the posts. He need not, of course, be a member of the present or any other Parliament. Have a coupon always ready, in your pocket, and jot down the name, then and there.

The coupon for this week will be found below.

NOTES ON THE BUDGET.

BY ARTHUR H. KING.

(With apologies to the late Robert Southey.)

"You are young, Mr. Lloyd George," the Socialist cried,
"And your views on finance are quite crude;
Now take my advice, and I'll show you a way
To get cash without taxing food."

"When I was a lawyer," Lloyd George made reply,
"I respected the rich and their notes;
But now I am only a Radical hack,
I care about nothing but votes."

"The Brewers are rascals," the Socialist said,
"And the publicans nearly as bad;
They never vote Tory; a good thumping tax
Might teach them respect for the 'Rad.'"

"I will take your advice," then the Chancellor said,
"And as whisky is bad for the brain,
And I do not drink spirits—except for my health—
I will tax them again and again."

"In the days of my youth," the Socialist cried,
"I tried very hard to get rich;
But I landed in jail. So a big super-tax
Is the very best tale you can pitch."

"You are right," said Lloyd George; "to distribute the wealth
Of the rich is my manifest duty,
And amongst our supporters, there can't be much doubt
Of how to distribute the booty."

"Hold hard, if you please!" the country exclaimed;
"Your cant and your thieving don't fit;
We have had quite enough of your Socialist schemes,
And we now give you notice to quit."

BACK TO THE LAND.

BY BEATRICE MOLYNEUX.

The year wor Nine Thousand an' Ninety-Nine. The Man wor six 'undred an' five.
A bundle o' bones fixed up tight in skin—wot didn't seem scarcely alive.
"I want to go back to the Land," 'e wept, "to drop my old carcase and die!"
"I'm tired of Air Cities, and flying things, and Star Roads that shut out the sky."

"Perhaps in the tropics I'll find a tree, where 'neath a few leaves I can stand."
"I yearn for black crows and for sprouting sod. I want to go back to the Land."
'E blew out 'is wings till 'e floated up. A 'lectric mechanical man,
A regular clockwork o' Master Mind—turned out on the latest new plan.

'E flew to the South, to the East, an' West. Then sot on the North Pole and cursed,
For Land there wor *none*—not a two-inch square. 'E pulled all 'is wires an 'e burst—
The year wor Nine Thousand an' Ninety-Nine. The Man wor six 'undred an' five.
An' towards the Pole Star rose a small weak soul, wot didn't seem scarcely alive!

Business Government Coupon.

TEN PROPOSED OFFICES:	SUGGESTED HOLDERS:
Minister for Naval Affairs.	.....
Minister for Military Affairs.	.....
Minister for Home Affairs.	.....
Minister for Foreign Affairs.	.....
Minister for Colonial Affairs.	.....
Minister for Indian Affairs.	.....
Minister of Labour.	.....
Minister of Commerce.	.....
Minister for Municipal Affairs.	.....
Minister of Finance.	.....

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....

This Coupon to be sent to the Editor, "John Bull," 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Envelope marked: "Cabinet," in left-hand corner.

21/8/09.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THIN.

A Remarkable Book for the THIN, the WEAK and the NERVOUS
How to Increase Weight, and Regain Lost Nerve-Power.

Too Thin—Too Miserable

A lady wrote to me the other day in great distress. "Why," she asked, "is it that, no matter what I eat, I cannot put on flesh? I am so thin that I am in agony every time I have to appear in evening dress."

I replied and told her that she might eat what she liked, as much as she liked, and as often as she liked, and not increase one pound in weight in a lifetime. This, too, even if she did not suffer a pang of indigestion.

Let me explain!

In the first place a sparsity of flesh in anyone is as much a symptom of a diseased condition as fever or a fast travelling pulse. Excessive thinness is not merely unpleasant to the eye, but is evidence of a serious bodily state, and means LACK OF NERVE-FORCE.

THE ESSENCE OF LIFE.

NERVE-FORCE is the power that operates every vital process and function of the body. Without it not one of the 527 muscles of the body could move. Without it you could not breathe, your heart would cease to beat, and you could not assimilate an atom of food. It is the very essence of Life.

Now, every person who is **thin, scraggy, or emaciated** is deficient in this VITAL FORCE, or at least expends more nervous energy than he or she can generate. That is WHY they are thin.

This LACK OF NERVE-FORCE causes **mal-assimilation** and consequent **mal-nutrition.** The body becomes or remains emaciated, feeble, and incapable of great or sustained effort. THE MIND, too, is clouded, inactive, and gloomy, making all intellectual effort a positive strain.

WHAT THINNESS LEADS TO.

THINNESS, therefore, is not only unpleasant and uncomfortable in itself. It is a direct menace to body and mind, and often leads to **paralysis, insanity,** or even **death** itself.

I have made this subject **a life-long study.** I was thin to the point of emaciation, and while a medical student decided to devote myself especially to the study of this subject. For twenty years I read, observed, and made experiments, and at last I formulated a **safe, scientific and physiological** method of building up **healthy tissue** without any irksome interference with ordinary daily life surroundings.

I increased my own weight **28lbs.** in a few months, and notwithstanding so-called medical etiquette I decided to give the widest possible publicity to the result of my investigations and experiences, so that others may have the advantage of testing for themselves the truth of my claims.

SOME ALARMING SYMPTOMS,

LACK OF NERVE-FORCE is not evidenced merely by loss of flesh. It is revealed by numerous other symptoms, including:—

Over-Sensitiveness.
Restlessness.
Melancholia.
Sleeplessness.
Want of Will Power.
Tremors.
Incapacity for prolonged effort.
Fearfulness.
Irritability.
Despondency.
Nervousness.
Lassitude.
Loss of Memory.
Dizziness.
Brain Fag.
Loss of Self-Confidence,

and in extreme cases there is often an almost irresistible SUICIDAL IMPULSE or a perpetual dread of IMPENDING INSANITY. Any or several of these symptoms may be present, and indicate LACK OF NERVE-FORCE in the system. They may exist or occur only periodically, or they may be permanently present. **Neglect** will most assuredly lead to the very serious consequences, such as **heart affections, paralysis and insanity.** Recourse to stimulants and so-called tonics is equally dangerous, as they serve in their after effects to still further reduce vitality and nerve-force, and lower the body's power of resistance to disease.

BE "A GOOD ANIMAL."

MY TREATMENT is a **nerve-restoring, nerve-reinvigorating** process which not only builds up good healthy tissue and increases weight, but powerfully vitalises the whole nervous system and restores nerve-balance. Needless to say, it also improves the appearance by giving the body just that plumpness which it should normally possess in proportion to age and height, and it has a permanently exhilarating and cheering effect on the mind, making intellectual effort a matter of keen enjoyment. It is a REAL TONIC, invigorating the body so that every man and woman can perform the duties and enjoy the pleasures of Life in the most thorough manner. It improves **appetite and digestion,** and makes you, to quote Professor Huxley's saying: "A good animal," enjoying Life to the full, with rich red blood coursing through your arteries, and all your faculties developed to the highest degree obtainable.

FREE TO "JOHN BULL" READERS.

I ask you to try my treatment if you are **thin, feeble, anæmic, or nervous free of charge** for one FORTNIGHT.

I will send every reader of JOHN BULL:

1. A copy of my book entitled "EMACIATION: CAUSE AND TREATMENT," in which the whole subject is dealt with in a popular scientific manner, without puzzling medical terms or technicalities.
2. A supply of my NERVE FOOD sufficient to enable you to have a fortnight's Treatment free of charge.
3. Copies of and Extracts from letters from satisfied patients.

FREE

All that is necessary on your part is to send in your application, together with P.O. for 6d. to cover cost of postage, etc., and immediately I will despatch parcel as above to your address. This is a **genuine free offer,** to show the confidence I have in **my treatment** for loss of flesh and the many ailments that usually follow in its train. Do not for a moment imagine that **thinness** is a trifling matter. It means **lowered vitality, loss of Nerve-power,** and **liability** to a host of **very serious mental and nervous disorders.** It indicates a diseased and enervated bodily condition possessing little resistant power and tendency to succumb to a first attack of any disease. **My treatment** will directly reinforce the **nervous system,** and while improving your general appearance will make you **healthy, strong** and **full of vitality.**

Address your application to Mr. A. Gordon Wallace, and enclose postal order for 6d., 20, Cavendish House, Cavendish Street, London, E.C.

I can do for you what I have done for myself and hundreds of others. This lady gained 30 lbs. in a few weeks.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The War of the Dress-Worshippers.

On the holiday tour, I suppose one really sees more elaborately dressed women than at any time, owing to the fact that not only does the dress-worshipper carry out her most magnificent ritual at this festal period, but also that she is quite unavoidable. You have to view her at breakfast, lunch, tea, and table d'hote, willy-nilly, besides on the parade, the lawns, the leas, the play, or the bathing show—if you are on the Continent that is. In England, one must admit she avoids the ocean, and so leaves that one hunting ground free to the simple of attire. But having seen this resplendent lady make about four or five steady changes a day for a week or two, and this kaleidoscopic sight can be seen at any passable hotel, English or Continental, during August, one would like to ask just one question. Why is she so unhappy? For she never, never smiles except the sort of smile that might have been turned on or off with a button, and her eyes are level and absorbed, and her brow knitted, almost always. She sails in to a crowded lounge or room with her mouth pursed up, doing her stately part almost feverishly; but her eyes shoot about with sharp suspicion at any newcomer with pretensions to any sort of charm or grace, clearly reckoning up the guns. She will also completely forget that no clothes will give you the effect of beauty if you yourself are emotionally on edge. And the real dress-worshipper always is on edge. The other day I saw the most curious procession it has ever been my luck to see—five of these dressy ladies, entirely unknown to one another, happened to be leaving a large assembly all at the same moment.

The first one sailed along, acting her idea of a Duchess with sublime solemnity—and unconsciousness. Behind her came another, with lorgnette raised and closely applied to her back trimmings. The third had forgotten herself in studying the back view of this one's hair-dressing, and behind her again came another almost handling the lace of her basque to test its texture. Last of all came a lady with her chin almost resting on the brim of her fore-runner's hat! The glorious part of the whole thing was an unconsciousness reaching the sublime. And everybody looked so worried.

Holiday Hints for Children's Dresses.

It goes almost without saying in these advanced "commonsensical" days, that little girls should wear knickers of the same material as the frock, in place of petticoats, for romping on the sands or for long country rambles. Some mothers even dispense with skirts altogether in the case of wee girlies, letting them gamble in moderately full knickers and puffed blouse girded round the waist by a belt. A modification of this idea is to have the knickers made quite ample and fastened by an elastic round the waist, so that for paddling and so on the skirt of the frock can be tucked out of harm's way inside the knickers. Brown holland is the most useful of materials for a knock-about frock, for if it be of fairly good quality it can pay repeated visits to the wash-tub without turning a hair. Little knitted coats and jerseys worn with a kilted serge skirt are quite delightful for more chilly days, and can very well be made at home by mother's skilful fingers. I recently saw a fascinating baby girl at Brighton issue from one of the smart hotels on the front, who was dressed with such unique charm that murmurs of admiration followed her. She wore a white jersey and white woollen tights; reaching from her waist to an inch or so above her little knees was a somewhat full skirt of white lace. On her feet were white sandals, while a string of crystal beads hung round her neck. Her headgear was equally unique. It was a small folded square of real lace, the point on the forehead, the two corners used to tie back the golden curls that fell down this little fairy's back. She looked about five years old. Carried out in more workmanlike materials the idea is excellent for a baby-girl's holiday rig-out.

The Plaint of the Matron.

A delightful letter from a correspondent asks Mrs. Bull why dolmans are not revived for elderly women? The plaint this lady makes is quite justifiable; many another matron will echo her words of wisdom. "Take" she says, "the case of a short plump lady who has a good little figure, but feels the cold and knows she looks a little absurdity in a jacket; what is she to do? There is not much warmth in a cape, however warmly lined, as in windy weather it blows up everywhere. Why not revert to the one that used to tie round the waist invisibly? Why not indeed? Doubtless many a dear little lady with a nice figure would be only too delighted to array herself once again in a dolman, but, bless me—where could she purchase one, and should she heroically have one made, would she not thereby expose herself to the remarks of those conservative critics—the street urchins? Another grievance that was once to be brought against manufacturers was their firmly-rooted notion that all women, old or young, had tiny waists. But for the last two or three seasons they have decidedly improved in this respect; twenty-five inch waisters can sometimes get suited nowadays. But another point for grumbling is the appalling length of hat-pins at present. It is practically impossible to buy an ornamental pin that does not stick out for inches from a hat of moderate dimensions. We do not all sport Merry Widow *chapeaux*; why, oh why, should hat-pin makers overlook the needs of the toque wearers?

Knowledge which counts for £ s. d. and assistance to turn it to use.

Both these benefits are offered you by the International Correspondence Schools. The I.C.S. home-study courses provide sound serviceable training for good positions in all the leading branches of industry and commerce, also for Civil Service Examinations: and the "I.C.S. Students' Aid Department" renders free service in the matter of employment. The practical advantage of both sides of the I.C.S. system is shown in the experience of Mr. Hugh O'Connor of Wolverhampton.

He writes (June 1909):—

"Just a line to thank you for the assistance you gave me in getting employment. I think without your help my chances of getting anything to do in Wolverhampton were very poor.

The instruction I am receiving from the I.C. Schools I consider to be of the best, as it not only increases my knowledge, but helped me to get a situation where a person with no theoretical knowledge would have failed."

You would like to be able to take a better post, and to feel in a stronger position as regards securing employment, would you not? Then you owe it to yourself to investigate the two-fold offer of the International Correspondence Schools. Simply mark the coupon or write us about the line of work which interests you—whatever it may be.

Registrar, INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Ltd. (Dept. K.), International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C. I am interested in your system of technical training and desire to increase my earning power. Please send me post paid, free of charge, the Book covering the subject before which I have marked x on the coupon, and full information showing how I can succeed in same.

Bookkeeper. Show Card Writer. Illustrator. Analytical Chemist. Electrician. Mechanical Draftsman. Electric Lighting Supt. Plumber and Steam Fitter. Civil Engineer. Architectural Draftsman. Structural Engineer. French. Spanish. Advertisement Writer. Window Trimmer. Civil Service. Textile Mill Supt. Electrical Engineer. Telephone Engineer. Mechanical Engineer. Stationary Engineer. Building Contractor. Architect. Mining Engineer. German.

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Street ..... Age .....

Occupation ..... Town .....

21/8/09

Residents of the following countries should address the respective I.C.S. branches—CANADA—Toronto. INDIA—Port, Bombay. SOUTH AFRICA—Cape Town. NEW ZEALAND—Wellington. AUSTRALIA—Sydney.

We require no Introduction

We give Absolute Security for

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We place all business through

OUR OWN BROKERS

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In fact, we act for our own clients in the same way as BANKERS, but advise and answer all enquiries without the necessity of introduction.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION POUNDS

Write to-day for full particulars to

A. Morton Smith SECRETARY

The House Property & Investment Co. Ltd.

4 QUEEN ST. PLACE LONDON, E.C.

As many provincial readers of this paper complained of having read the advertisement in last issue too late to subscribe, we repeat herewith our offer positively for the last time. The transactions will be opened at the London closing price of Wednesday, 25th August.

TRUST IN STEELS COMMON

The greatest business boom ever recorded has set in in the United States; the boom is growing with an unsurpassed rapidity; indications of tremendous crops in the West.

You cannot be pushed out of the market in six months even if a panic should occur.

(For 3 Months, £2 for every $1,000)

Your whole liability is limited to £2 (remitted) for every $1,000.

The profit in three months is estimated at £60 for every £2 remitted, which should mean that one will have returned £60 plus £2, equal to £62.

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we invite you to send us at once the application form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable for the general public.

Nothing else is expected of you than to recommend us to the circle of your acquaintances after the success has been completely proven, that means not before you have received from us £60 on your £2 remitted.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL BE CLOSED WEDNESDAY, THE 25th OF AUGUST.

Amount Required £2
Estimated Profit £60

GERSON HAMSON & CO., LIMITED, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: ESPONJAS, LONDON.

OUR CAMPAIGN FOR 1909.

INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN MAGNATE.

We dare say we are experts in Yankees (American Railways) and that we know everything about them that can be known. We dare say that we understand the entire Wall Street System better than any one of our competitors, and very often have an occasion to feel that in 3 months we could bring you further than you can get yourself in 3 years.

Nowadays almost everybody has a friend who is a dealer or broker in Stocks and Shares, so we cannot expect that you should give us the preference, unless we actually prove to you that we are often sooner and better informed than other firms. In the end the public will transact their business where the best profits are to be gained and the best conditions to be obtained.

We shall prove to you that our advices are valuable.

A Trust in Steels Common: It is our intention to possess in 1909 the largest amount of clients that ever a stock broker or dealer could boast of, and we will realise this fact through **Trust in Steels Common.** We will force you to a certain degree, at least once, to give us an order and to form your own opinion about our method of dealing and the capacities of our correspondent.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

"Don't be a Bear on America," J. Pierpont Morgan said. "That man who is, goes broke."

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we proclaim this fact: Send us at once the application form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable.

OUR PROPOSITION.

A Trust in Steels Common (For every Thousand Dollars you must send £2—and the estimated profit is £60—in 3 months.)

Condition 1st. All Steels Common shares are opened at the London closing price of Wednesday, the 25th of August, which quotations are controlled by almost every English paper (Globe, Daily Telegraph, Financial News, Financial Times, &c., &c.). Suppose the closing price in London should be 80⅞—81⅛ then is the buying price 81⅛ nett, which means naturally without you paying any further commission or other expenses. If you sell or buy according to tape prices and yet have to pay commission you are paying too much.

A Daily Newspaper, from which you are able to ascertain these prices exactly, is sent you free of charge with every order.

2nd. All transactions will be closed the same date at London closing price, i.e., three months after the Trust opens, i.e., Thursday, 25th November, 1909, and all profits, without any limit, will be returned with the two pounds of your remittance.

3rd. If on Thursday 25th November, 1909, there would have been no profit made, the transaction will be kept open for the next 3 months, i.e., Friday, 25th February, 1910, **without any further margin.** We hope it is now quite clear to you that the worst that can happen, is that the closing quotation in London on 25th February, 1910, is 1 per cent. or more under the quotation of 25th August, 1909, and then, and only then, would your loss be £2, and under no circumstances more than the two pounds remitted.

4th. **Every buyer receives a stamped contract informing the purchaser that if necessary we keep the account open for 6 months, and that the entire responsibility of the buyer is limited to the £2 remitted.**

OUR CORRESPONDENT PREDICTS:

A boom in Yankees in 1909, and quotations for the different shares never surpassed. Please keep in mind that the same correspondent, after an interview with one of the best-known American financiers, has sent to our clients telegrams on several occasions from which the following is an example: "Advise immediate purchase Chesapeake Common. Do not delay, but follow our advice at once and you will continue to deal with us. Margin returned with profit; inside information in hand." Chesapeake were at that time 58½ and are now 85½, so those who have followed our advice will not have forgotten this.

We are convinced that through our Trust in Steels Common we will enlist and retain you as one of our clients.

On Wednesday, 25th August, the Subscription will be closed. If you wish to become a participant in the Trust please send by return post the attached application form, with your name and address and the amount of Two Pounds to:—

GERSON HAMSON & CO., Limited, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Steel shares are conspicuously strong, and it must be remembered that J. P. Morgan never admitted failure in anything. Its very rapidly growing earnings and the possession of almost unlimited supplies of raw material (almost all paid for) are factors for a considerable advance in the stock. Many authorities in positions to know what they are talking about, say that the dividends will certainly be increased considerably in October again, and Steels Common under 125 are worth buying.

CHAT ON 'CHANGE.

This book, compiled by a leading financial expert, will be sent gratis and post free to every one subscribing in one or more of the Trust.

It is a complete handbook and guide for the use of those who wish to study the various methods of Stock Exchange operations.

A careful perusal of these pages will enable the reader to thoroughly grasp the different methods in which to open an account.

Being written in plain and easy language, it can be readily understood by everybody.

USE THIS FORM. J.B.

I buy thousand dollars United States Steels Common Shares on the London closing price of Wednesday, the 25th of August, and further on the conditions as mentioned in your advertisement, for which I enclose £2, with the understanding that my entire risk is limited to this amount.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If you will invest a larger amount, please make the form out accordingly. For instance: If you wish to make out the form for $5,000 you must remit £10. You can also REMIT BY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE.

More of these forms can be obtained by application to our offices or by writing.

THE LEGAL POSITION OF WOMEN.

By Arch. Gibbs.

(Mr. Archibald Gibbs shows how under the present law, and without the vote, women get all the good things.)

Anyone who cares to read a book entitled "Women under the English Law," by Arthur Rackham Cleveland, will be forced to the conclusion that at one time the legal status of women, even compared with that of the generality of men, was deplorably bad; and curiously this was at the very period when, as we are so often reminded, women could be abbesses and sheriffs and voters. Not merely were the brank and cucking-stool in use for female scolds, though there were no similar punishments for men, but a wife could be burned for husband-murder, though no husband could be burned for wife-murder. Women could be boiled for poisoning. They could even be burned for wilful perjury, execrations against King Henry VIII., refusing to abjure the Pope, judging or believing Henry VIII. to have been legally married to Anne of Cleves, clipping money, and counterfeiting foreign coin. They could be whipped for petty larceny, or theft below twelvepence, keeping a beerhouse without a licence, stealing wool if a spinner, and even for drunkenness. On the ground that they could never be clerks in Holy Orders they were forbidden, at any rate until an Act of James I. modified the prohibition, from pleading "benefit of clergy," whereby any male who could read could escape conviction for a first offence in most cases where the punishment was death. In addition, they could hold little property.

Now, however, without the possession of the coveted vote, and in some cases even without agitation on their own parts, the position is entirely reversed. So far from there being any necessity for women "sobbing in the dark because men make the laws," as Mrs. Browning puts it, it is man who ought to be resorting to tears, for he is the under-dog. I will first give many instances of ways in which the law distinctly favours women, and then instances of how, without bestowing on them any special privilege, it remedies any grievance in the connection they may once have had.

Take the case of flogging. Men may be flogged for highway robbery with violence, for criminal assault, for assaulting a prison-warder, for dressing in female garb, for indecent exposure, and even for begging and sleeping-out, though here the birch is used. On the other hand, chiefly through the efforts of John Howard and Samuel Romilly, the flogging or whipping of women has been abolished nearly ninety years. Yet it is even proposed to extend it further to males, namely, boys who give false alarms of fire.

Since 1882 the law as to married women's property has been so favourable to the wife as to constitute a scandal. A wife can pledge her husband's credit for "necessaries" (blessed word), but he can't pledge hers. If she deserts him and he gets an order for restitution of conjugal rights it isn't worth the paper it's written on (*Regina v. Jackson*). He is jointly responsible civilly for her tortious acts, such as libel (*Seroke v. Kettenburg*). A wife who owns a motor-car can sue her husband for trespass if he uses it, yet if she runs into another vehicle he may be mulcted in damages. As regards liability to income-tax, a married woman's property, except in the case of personal earnings, and where at the same time the joint income of husband and wife does not exceed £500, is aggregated with that of her husband, with the result that he has the "privilege" of paying income-tax on both. She can snap her fingers in his face and refuse to do a hand's-turn of work or contribute anything to household expenses or education of children. She is bound to keep husband, children, and grandchildren off the rates, if able to do so, though not to pay for funeral expenses, and, since the flagrant case of *Pontypool Guardians v. Hannah M. Buck* called Parliament's attention to the matter, her parents as well. But that is the extent of her obligations. She cannot be sent to prison for debt, nor made a bankrupt unless trading separately, while a creditor can only look for payment to her separate property free from restraint at date of purchase. Against this mass of privileges has to be set the fact that she is a deferred creditor in her husband's bankruptcy, while he is not so in hers.

Some may say that these privileges only apply to wealthy women. Well, I will take an Act which mainly concerns poor ones. Since the passing of the Summary Jurisdiction (Married Women) Act, 1895 (which repealed the Matrimonial

PAT-A-CAKE

is a short Biscuit—short and sweet—not too sweet. Nothing but the very best is used in them, and they're baked as only Peek Frean know how—

that's PAT-A-CAKE

Causes Act, 1878, and the Causes of Desertion Act, 1886), any man who assaults his wife, or deserts her, or neglects to provide reasonable maintenance for her or her infant children whom he is liable to maintain, or causes her to leave him, or commits adultery, may find himself judicially separated from his wife, the legal custody in his children gone, and himself compelled to pay to her or an officer of the Court or other third person on her behalf, a sum not exceeding £2 a week. On the other hand how does a man stand? Under sub-section 2 of section 5 of the Licensing Act, 1902, if a husband is cursed with a hopelessly drunken wife he can get a separation from her, and may even have her sent to an Inebriates' Home, *provided he becomes responsible for her maintenance for the remainder of his life.*

Then so far as divorce is concerned, if well-to-do men do have a slight advantage here, it is not a very great advantage when you come to examine it. No woman is required to pay alimony, or damages and costs as a co-respondent, while a wife petitioning has several accusations which she can couple with an accusation of adultery. In any event she can always get a judicial separation and make the husband keep her, while it must be remembered, as Mr. Belfort Bax has so often pointed out, that there is this difference between a wife's misconduct and her husband's: she can introduce an illegitimate child into the household for him to keep.

Having dealt so much with wives, I will now turn to instances in which women generally benefit under the law. Take the Slander of Women Act, 1891. Here if unchastity is imputed to a woman she may bring an action without alleging special damage. No man may do so unless he is a *beneficed* clergyman. Breach of Promise actions, too—the first recorded of which was *Holt v. Ward-Clarencieux* in 1668—are entirely in women's favour. Lately we have found a jury at Newcastle award £100 damages to a woman who had disfigured her lover for life by throwing vitriol over him, and in the notorious case of Major Apthorp, which has been so often before the public, the jury awarded the plaintiff £1,000 although she had only known the defendant a few weeks. In the Factory Acts women are so well looked after that actually it has been decided how long they may work without a meal: no similar provision is made for men, nor do these enjoy the benefit of the Seats for Shop Assistants Act.

The Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885, throws the whole responsibility for the abduction and seduction of girls under a certain age on males, though these may be younger. Similarly, in regard to responsibility, a wife cannot be convicted of any larceny, burglary, forgery, or for uttering forged notes if the offence is committed in the presence of her husband. On this presumption, too, of the female having been coerced by the male, the Court always acts where men and women are tried together for the same offence.

In regard to prison treatment, female convicts get a remission of a month more a year than males for good conduct, and have not to report themselves similarly on release, an official actually visiting them at their residences for that purpose. No woman can be deprived of a mattress in gaol, or placed on the treadmill, or, except in special circumstances, handcuffed.

So much has been said by Mr. Belfort Bax and others, including myself, elsewhere, on the disparity of sentences passed on men and women for similar offences, and the favouritism shown them by juries, that I will only mention one case where a pretty woman got off absurdly lightly. Here at the Shropshire Assizes recently one Helen Elizabeth Mayer, who fired at Harry Gwilt, a postman, with a revolver, which she produced from her muff, the bullet grazing his head, was found guilty merely of common assault and bound over, the judge—Mr. Justice Ridley—having the utmost difficulty in inducing the jury to find her guilty even of this.

Of Acts which remove, or greatly remove, women's grievances, without giving them a privilege, I may mention the Guardianship of Infants Act, 1886, sections 2, 3 and 5, and the Intestates Act, 1890; while aggressive womanhood was allowed to have its way over the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, 1864 and 1869, despite the finding of a Royal Commission that the Acts were working well and involved no hardship.

What Is Your Number?

See page iii of cover.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE SONG.

(A Scotsman's protest against the original version.)

DEAR JONE,—

A've jist red yer doggerel aboot "Jinin' the League" in to-day's issue, en while a hae great seempathy wi' the aims en ambeeshuns o' the colossal fraterneety—man, it 'ull be prodeejus, en ye can coont on me as yin o' th' brithern—a maun protest et the indeegnity imposed on Pat, Taffy en masel', no mebbe intendit, bit nevertheless implied—by the nerraness o' yer invitashun. Ye start aff fine w' "Men en Weemin, British born," en then flee awa' in high falutin' on England en' English a' through the sang, arrogatin' a' the "killjoys" en ither cranks tae puir England en requestin' mainly Englishmen tae rise en cemancipate themsel's.

Noo, Jone, ma laddie, that'll no dae. It's no yer usyel straucht furrit, broad-mindit wey o' expressin' yersel', en ye maunna furget or be in eegnorance o' the fact that yer three brithers ha'e a wheen o' the cantin' groupin' chiels they could weel en er deesirous o' bein' withoot, en this kin best be accomplished, as in a' things, by united ackshun, bit if ye dinna gie yer brithers a richt guid welcum tae staund in wi ye, "shoother tae shoother" (en there's nae endickashun o' this in the sang) ye canna expeck them tae buckle tae as they wid if ye yaised the faimly terms o' Britain and British.

We gie ye a' credit fur institutin' en promulgatin' the graund skeem, Jone, en hae nae objeckshuns tae trade under yer name, only we want it tae be unnerstood *o' the family's conneckit*—no jist yae member.

Ye mean weel, laddie, bit ye get ower fon' o' yersel' at times, en inclined tae furget there are ithers. Ye need a restrainin' haun' whiles, en I hope ma letter'll get ye tae pit things richt afore the Inaugural meetin'.

We dinna want ony controversy—am speekin' fur oor ither brithers—ower this maitter, we're jist pintin' oot a kine o' naitural mistak' in the hope ye'll tak' oor advice, as ye've din' afore in big things, en let the faimly hae their fair share. That's a' the noo, Jone—Eh? A' weel, jist a thummlefou'—seein' yer wantin' it yersel'—no ower muckle watter in't. Thanks! Here's tae ye, laddie. We'll tose fur the next. May ye get a' the members ye want is the wish o' yer brither,

SANDY.

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2/-, 2/6, 3/6 & 7/6 each through all high-class Tobacconists, or samples sent post free upon receipt of — remittance from the —

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

Theatre and Music-hall Sketches I

This statement may sound strange and startling, I own, but I cannot help thinking that all the miserable condition of the theatres in general has been brought about by the actors and actresses themselves, who, in order to curry favour with princes, princesses, earls, countesses and all the rest of the so-called aristocracy, have instead of attending to their own work, preferred to drag their poor bodies to fancy fairs, garden parties, bazaars, fetes—got up for this, that, and the other, and, in fact, every sort of entertainment by which the silly creatures could obtain an obvious self-advertisement, and possibly an invitation to some swagger reception, dinner, or ball. And what is the outcome of it all?

Why the deplorably wretched state of the legitimate stage at the present moment, which has been aired to the fullest extent in the lengthy evidence concerning the Censorship question during the past few weeks.

A glance round the ever crowded music-halls has convinced me that I have at last fathomed the root of the evil, but alas! I see no way out of the difficulty for the theatrical profession.

I know the theatres by heart. I have myself appeared at music-halls, and I say, unhesitatingly, that "*real workers*," *the genuine, hard, earnest workers*, with very few exceptions, are to be found in the halls and not in the playhouses.

Even in the dressing-room, the music-hall artist is continually going through his or her turn before appearing on the platform, whereas the actor or actress frequently receives visitors during the "waits," and only rushes on to the stage just in time to take up the cue.

Then, again, actors and actresses have committed the gravest folly of all; they have permitted themselves to be seen at exhibitions, parties, and every show imaginable. They have utterly destroyed the illusion with which they should ever have been surrounded, and I have often heard the most damaging remarks made as to the difference in their appearance on and off the stage.

"No, it isn't possible. . . Is that really and truly Miss X. . . of the Go-Ahead Theatre? Who would have believed it? Well, I don't want to go and see her again . . . she's not a bit like her portrait."

Now, save for their own professional charities, it is rarely you see a music-hall artist's name on any programme outside the houses they are engaged to appear in? The long and short of it is, that whereas actors and actresses have toiled merely to acquire social distinction, and are left dangling on its fringe with a few knighthoods attached to their calling which can certainly do no good to their box-office receipts, the music-hall artists have laboured steadfastly for the public's approval and popularity, and have "arrived" with such power and force that no barring of sketches (which, after all, are mostly being acted by the "legits"—as they call those in the theatrical profession in music-hall language) will alter the position in the least.

Marie Lloyd doesn't rely on a one-act play for her success, nor does Wilkie Bard, nor Fragson, nor Margaret Cooper, nor Arthur Prince, nor Vesta Victoria, nor the White-Eyed Musical Kaffir, nor Victoria Monks, nor the hundreds of talented people who have climbed with the greatest difficulty up the steep ladder of fame with only one idea—to gain the public's favour; and they have won hands down, and now, because the dramatic profession has left Art out in the cold to wither and die, and only made a bee-line for the doors of aristocrats, they whine and snivel, and declare music-halls to be powerful rivals to their theatres.

Of course they are, but the reason and the fault are of their own vain creation. A man isn't going to pay ten-and-sixpence for a stall in a theatre to see a dull, under-acted play because a Knight's name figures in the programme, when for five shillings, or seven-and-sixpence at most, he can enjoy a jolly good entertainment at a neighbouring music-hall where not only quantity is given, but quality tastefully selected into the bargain.

As a matter of curiosity I did a round of the halls last week, and in spite of the intense heat, I found the Oxford packed and applauding vociferously such favourites as Jim Corbett, Victoria Monks, the inimitable juggler Spadoni, and a whole crowd of excellent "turns." At the Palace the same thing. A full house and a first-rate evening's amusement. At the Tivoli a fine audience and a show of the best, and again at the Pavilion a variety entertainment of the cheeriest.

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BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Isn't the Budget fight a case of "Dukes up"?
Has the Government ever heard of "Club law"?
Do they call him Lord Lands-down now?
IshLord Kitchener really a grate man?
Why not call him Lieutenant Shakled-un now?
Is the English cricket world feeling very chirpy?
Will Mr. Latham appear in the new St. James's play, "Mid-Channel"?
Won't Turkey find Greece a slippery customer?
Is "Making a Gentleman" a comedy of manners?
Is Mr. Harry Nuttall's diction-airy?

We stand in utter wonder, gazing
At the man-bird's magic flight,
As he glides across the Channel—
Like a comet in the night.
Yet how helpless are we really
Though we build the "airy"-plane,
And a thousand other wonders—
We can never stop the rain.

We are told that the destroyer *Ferret* cut through the boom at Portsmouth like cheese. A case of the ferret and the rarebit?

We read that ex-President Roosevelt's son is working in a carpet factory. Making his pile, no doubt.

John Burns, as a boy, worked in a candle factory. A good training for a coming light.

Mr. Blumenfeld, the Editor of the *Daily Express*, accuses Mr. Churchill of the "grossest bad taste" in his political speeches. What blumen cheek!

An attempt has been made to cross the Channel on a plank. We should prefer aboard.

We have received the following letter from Cowes: Wacht a lacht of yachts. The weather is hacht. I sleep in a little cacht, and don't care a jacht. The girls are charming, and take me for a pacht, which of course is racht. I think I shall propose to one named Dacht; why nacht?

Members will have to be satisfied to do their "grousing" in the House this year.

Some oxen were placed in the turrets of an old French battleship, to see if they could survive a bombardment. It is not known whether the sailors hit the bulls' eyes.

Ladies' trains are forbidden in Nuremberg. They will have to carry themselves without them.

A young woman in Vienna, whose hat-pin injured a man's eye, offered as compensation to marry him. A smart way of coming to the point.

The French inventor who claims to have found a method of making warships unsinkable ought to be able to easily float a company.

The Territorials, we read, are eager for a sham fight. Reckless daredevils.

"It is impossible to make progress always," says H. G. Eastwood. True; we are all backsliders at times.

A cricket match between two teams of deaf and dumb players has taken place at Saffron Walden. A case of many lost bawls.

"Are We Degenerating?" asks *London Opinion*. We are afraid it is.

"The Robber" was produced at the Coliseum recently. It has a very taking title.

An American judge and his wife, who have been married thirty-nine years, are now on their honeymoon. They kept a good time in store.

"Mice Stop a Church Organ," we read. We presume the cat was away and the mice wanted to play.

The Eastbourne widow who bathed in a complete black costume, no doubt enjoyed her mourning dip.

In a stationer's window at Southend we read: "Admirals of the Fleet; one penny for six." Apparently not one of them is worth a d.

The Nuremberg police have prohibited the wearing of long dresses in the streets. A sweeping ordinance.

Despite the fact that Borstal Prison is to be called "Borstal Institution" in future, offenders who take it for a kind of home will find it a cell.

Asked where he was kicked, a Kingston policeman replied, "In the square." This must be where a man puts his meal.

Electricity Prolongs Life.

STARTLING DISCOVERY IN PARIS.

The *Daily Mail* prints an interesting despatch from Paris. It states that two doctors of that city, Professor d'Arsonval and Dr. Montier, claim to have discovered a method of prolonging life. Briefly, their theory is that the decay of the arteries, from which all death and disease spring, may be prevented and cured by an electric current.

Professor d'Arsonval has invented a machine of extremely high power, with which he has already experimented on patients—among others, M. Jean d'Orsay, who wrote in enthusiastic terms about it in the *Matin*.

M. d'Orsay describes the treatment as cleansing all the arteries and other organs, and restoring them to their original elasticity and health. "There is no longer," he states, "any essential reason why we should grow old, or even die."

This is a discovery of the utmost importance. It proves the value of electricity to the human body. It proves to every thinking and intelligent man that the day of dosing with stimulants and medicines is over.

Now, if you suffer from Nervousness, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxy, Epilepsy, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance), the "Ajax" Battery is an ideal remedy. It will cure you of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, or Backache. All Stomach, Kidney, Liver, or Bladder Troubles yield to the invigorating influence of this wonderful battery as if by magic. It cures all weakness in men or women, and makes big, robust, muscular men out of pigmies. The "Ajax" Battery is a dry-cell electric generator, always charged and ready for use. It is guaranteed in every case, and cures wherever recommended.

"Electricity—the Road to Health" is an interesting book describing the most successful treatment known to the medical world. Everyone interested in the health problem should read it. It does not cost you a penny, as anyone writing to the British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will receive it at once in a plain, sealed envelope, free.—Get it at once if you cannot call for a free test.—[ADVT.]

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Booth's Finest Old Dry
the only matured Gin
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL WINE MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE
Established 170 Years
GRAND PRIX AWARD FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL.

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

"A BIRMINGHAM READER" thinks we are prejudiced against the Midland capital. He is very much mistaken. We are united to Birmingham by the most affectionate ties, and the only editorial reference we have made to the city was for the purpose of rebuking a Manchester resident for scoffing at it.

"RONET" (Sunderland) and P. D. (Sheffield) wish to warn fellow-readers against seeking to obtain loans from the British Finance Company, 82, Market Street, Manchester, and "branches and agents in all large towns." All application forms have to be accompanied by a payment on account of "expenses." "Ronet" sent 5s., and requested its return when the business did not go through, to be met with the demand for 22s. railway fare to Sunderland of their representative who interviewed him. This despite "the branches and agents in all large towns," and despite the statement in the preliminary circular that "the business can (if practicable) be completed by post, without an interview, loss of time, or expense"!

E. W. B. (Clapham Junction) gives us his experience of Harvey, Taylor and Co., the dental lamp tricksters. After depositing £2 17s. 6d. with them, he endeavoured to sell some of the lamps, but, as we suggested some twelve months ago, found it a difficult job. Finally, he had to sue them for the return of his deposit, and duly obtained judgment. Upon issuing execution at a further cost of 16s., he succeeded in recovering 7s., the shortage being explained by the fact that the rent of their offices, 61, City Road, was eighteen months in arrear.

E. M. Q. (Cardiff).—We are so busy just now with our own competitions—first, for the John Bull League Song music, and, secondly, for the "Business Government"—that we really have no time to investigate the scheme of the *Daily Express* to which you call our attention. We are sure, however, that any project actually fathered by Mr. Pearson is thoroughly *bond fide*.

J. C. (Cork).—What *is* the matter with you? Surely you don't hold us responsible for the views expressed by our various correspondents on this page? And when we are asked whether we are "on the side of a vile despotism," and we simply reply that "the answer is in the negative," you must not admit that we assume that we admit the despotism. We always endeavour to avoid offending our Catholic readers

"COCKNEY" writes:—"Don't you think it is about time that cyclists were furnished with a registered number like motor cars? My son, a boy of fifteen, was out on his bike in Baker Street. Another cyclist of the hog species whipped past him, and gave him a push as he went. My boy went over under a cab horse, and the cab went over him and bike. The other bike was off like the wind as soon as he saw what had happened, and I am left with a damaged boy, and the boy with a smashed bike and no redress whatever. Had there been a number on that bike, there were dozens of people about who would have noticed it, and I might at least have had the satisfaction of telling the owner in a few choice sentences exactly what I thought of him." Certainly.

H. E. (Devonport) is afraid that New Zealand may become insolvent. He says the unemployed are very numerous there.

W. B. (Altrincham) says alien Consuls are very thick on the West Coast of America. Slim, too?

J. A. L. (Prudhoe-on-Tyne) says our readers "will be disgusted with the ill-written, illogical and insolently ignorant letter" by Mr. Murdoch on Missionaries in India. He thinks any native reading "the pitiful scrawl" would be justified in thinking himself superior to the author, and he adds, with cutting irony, "I am sure the few 'hard-working and conscientious' missionaries will bear their burdens more courageously under the influence of praise from such a source." We did not know that missionaries had so zealous a defender. Good luck to him!

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M. Gascoay, Managing Director.

THE MOLASSINE COMPANY.

The ordinary general meeting of the Molassine Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, the 10th inst., at the offices of the company, East Greenwich, S.E., Mr. W. A. Owston, junior, presiding.

The Chairman said: Before referring to the report I should like to mention one cause of delay in issuing the balance-sheet. Firstly, it is due to the removal here from London and getting installed; and, secondly, to the absence of our chairman and managing director (Mr. Fred Livingstone). I am sorry to say that he has been very ill indeed, but I am also at the same time pleased to state, from a letter I received last Thursday, that he is very much better, and hopes to return and take charge of the business within the course of a few weeks. Now, with reference to the report and balance-sheet, these have been circulated, and with your permission we will take them as read. Taking the debit side of the accounts you will see that the amount paid on the deferred shares has increased from £1,250 to £6,250, the difference of £5,000 representing the proceeds of the call of 2s. per share made during the past financial year. Since then a further call of 2s. 6d. per share has been made on the deferred shares. You will also see on the same side a reserve of £2,000 for depreciation in the value of shares held by your company. These shares were bought for reason of policy, and in the interest of the company's business; but, unfortunately, the market value of the shares has depreciated, although the dividends give a fair return on the cost price. Your directors have, however, thought it advisable to make a substantial reserve in respect of these shares. Turning to the credit side of the account, you will see an expenditure of £33,340 for the purchase of the company's present premises, the adaptation of the works to the company's requirements, and the erection of offices, plant, machinery, boilers, and storage tanks for molasses, with holding capacity of 8,000 tons. The works are rapidly approaching completion, and the total additional expenditure is estimated at £10,000. The plant is of the most up-to-date and labour-saving description. We generate our own electric power for the driving of the machinery, working the conveyor, and for pumping the molasses direct from the barges into the storage tanks, and the water from our own artesian well to the works and the offices, and also for lighting the works throughout and the offices.

We have, in addition, ample room (which is most important) for future extension as it may become desirable, or the business of the company demands. The business of the company during the past year shows a reduced net profit; but it must be remembered that the previous accounts were for fourteen months, the extra two months being February and March, both of which are profitable trading months for your company, and this in a measure accounts for the difference. There was also an increase in the cost of production and a somewhat reduced output, caused by the exceptionally open winter, which enabled the farmers to keep their stocks in the fields and to dispense to a considerable extent with manufactured foods. Your directors are, however, pleased to say that the decrease in output has now ceased and an increase has taken its place, while the cost of production is less. These facts, with other saving in the works, should give an increased profit for the current year. You will observe in the balance-sheet an item of £521 16s. 5d. for the development of the dog and puppy cake business, which is at present only in its infancy, but promises to rapidly become a valuable addition to the company's business. The molassine dog and puppy cakes are being made known throughout the country, and are meeting with most encouraging results. I may mention that the sale of cakes in May last was largely in excess of any previous months, while the June sales were nearly double those of May and the July sales show a large increase on those for June. This proves that the cakes have only to be known to be appreciated, and the directors confidently anticipate that a very considerable and profitable business will result from this branch of the business, for it is in a most healthy condition. We have no competition which causes us anxiety, and we have every reason to believe that the company has before it a prosperous future.—[ADVT.]

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

ALEXINE.

MANY PEOPLE ARE FORCED TO EAT TOO MUCH in order to eat enough.

What you eat—how much you eat—or even how much you digest—is not the whole question.

By stimulating your appetite and aiding your digestion you may be only overloading your system with waste products.

ALEXINE will enable you to "get all the good out of your food." It is neither a food nor a medicine, but an aid to Nature.

The active principle of ALEXINE is free phosphoric acid, which acts upon the otherwise insoluble phosphates in your food and in your system, and enables your brain, your nerves and your muscle to take them up and make use of them.

Obtainable through all Chemists at 2/9 and 4/6 per bottle; or from sole British Agents at same prices, post free.

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J. W. S. (Grimsby) protests against cruelty to bankrupts, and says "hundreds of widows have been ruined by the Sunday closing nonsense."

J. H. P. wants us to revive Vivian's book-reviews, and informs "Zebra" that Sidney King, "the derelicts' friend," is amusing and genuine.

A Mr. Herbert Thomas, writing in the *Camborne Post*, accuses Jim Crow of slapping the Cornish while complimenting the Welsh on their thirst and engaging mendacity. Jim did nothing of the kind, but he notes the statement that "in Cornwall you can find many thousands of married couples who scrupulously keep their marriage vows." Many thousands! 'Phew! Crow never said anything half so cruel as that. Talk of damning with faint praise! But there is worse to come: "Think of the scores of thousands of church-members in Cornwall." We will, but we are sorry to be told that only one in twenty (5 per cent.) "scrupulously keep their marriage vows." Doubting Thomas with a vengeance!

J. D. (who does not give his address) wants to know (1) whether John Burns was ever apprenticed to the trade of engineering, and (2) whether he was ever sentenced to imprisonment. We believe the answer to the first question to be in the affirmative, although we are not certain that he was ever what is called an indentured apprentice. The answer to number two is also in the affirmative, although we need scarcely say the offence was of a purely political character.

J. C. (Belgravia) tells us funny stories about the internal arrangements at Hampton's—especially about the tea fights there and the youthful manager.

A. M. (London) sends us this as a first instalment of his "Poetic Knowledge Series."

THE A B C.

Now, in England you will see
26 our A B. C.
But, perhaps, at this you'll smile,
12 there are in Sandwich Isle.
Don't you think this takes the cheese,
For 18 claims the Burmese?
Then, as if to have more fun,
Bengali knows 21.
More than this, you will agree,
Italy takes 23.
Spanish wars may not it leven,
Yet they speak in 27.
Nor have you so long to wait,
Arabic is 28.
Russia will not be outdone,
And it voices 41.
Lest you think the final's writ
50 writes the famed Sanscrit.

A. B. C. (Rotherhithe) is a freeman of a City livery company, and wants to know if it will help him now that he is lame? Why not write direct?

W. C. (Glasgow).—Surely a young woman may live with her employer and yet be moral. Why jump to conclusions?

L. V. (Brick Lane).—Sorry you were disappointed by Norman and Co., of 41, Church Street, there. Perhaps you may still hear from them.

J. S. C. (Bristol).—"Bathmaid (female)" sounds redundant, does it not? And "dongola race" is almost Egyptian. Some papers are certainly silly.

W. J. W. complains that the G.W.R. and L. and S.W.R. have ordered derelict newspapers to be sent to headquarters. He considers this unfair on railway servants. Why? They must now buy their own journals, like everybody else.

S. P. (Hartlepool) has had trouble about goods ordered from the Poultry Appliance Co. (137, High Street, Acton):

H. M. (Idah, S. Nigeria) is dissatisfied with a waterproof coat, for which he paid 27s. 6d. to Messrs. Parker, of Lancaster. It must have been highly tried, of late.

H. E. R. (Blackpool) apologises very prettily to Jim Crow for some insult about a whale, and says, "I am always delighted with his writings; he is a very powerful wielder of the Hatchet against that Upas Tree, and he gives us some good chippings." Of his old block, we suppose. H. E. R. further asks "Can a Jew spit?" We never saw one do it in a place where the pastime entailed a fine of 40s.

G. H. (Cardiff) wants to know of some "elementary books suitable for graduates for the bar." That sounds unkind. Has G. H. been to law recently?

A Cannie Scot (Broughty Ferry).—Jim Crow is much obliged, but he is not tempted by G. Arrowsmith's competitions at Middelburg.

"Inger" (S. Nigeria).—We cannot, at this distance, review the decisions of your Acting District Commissioner.

C. R. (Eltham).—We cannot, in a few lines, settle the whole controversy between Anglicans and Roman Catholics. Did you really expect we would?

"An English Canadian" (Holloway) says aliens "come here, unbidden guests, to make a living, while sons of builders of the Empire have to emigrate to make room for the interlopers."

W. A. S. (Handsworth) wants to know the King's correct surname. Why not Wettin?

"Suburbia" (Palmer's Green) complains that directly the hot weather set in "some fiend living in Eaton Park Road started burning gardening rubbish of an evening," and had done so for the four nights preceding the writing of this complaint. "Despite the sultry nature of the weather," continues "Suburbia," "we were prevented by the dense and pungent smoke, which, owing to there being no breeze, hung in a cloud, from either sitting out in our gardens or leaving a window open." It's too bad. No doubt, if the wishes of his neighbours are potent, the Eaton Park Roader will be well supplied with bonfires in the hereafter. Probably he is too mean to give a man a copper or two to remove his rubbish.

L. E. H. (Liverpool) says the abolition of imprisonment for debt would make tradesmen more careful about giving credit. At present he thinks committal orders drive debtors into the hands of money-lenders.

R. M. (Abergavenny) says that, "in case of sudden and urgent necessity, there is no need to send for the relieving officer," as it is the duty of the parish overseer to see to such cases.

R. P. B. (Watford) is evidently an Alfonsist. He thinks our open postcard to the occupant of the Spanish throne was "an absolute disgrace." But we had to speak the truth.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

IMPURE DRINKING WATER IS A DEADLY SCOURGE

It has been demonstrated that man can live forty days without solid food, but without liquid in some form or another he is unable to sustain life beyond five or six days. Yet in these modern times when so much attention is devoted to the manufacture of scientific foods, which shall combine in themselves all that is necessary to the proper nourishment of the body while eliminating that which is hurtful to the system, it is surely strange that the human family is scourged from time to time by the most dreadful of diseases carried into the system by means of the water we drink. It is true, we have our Sanitary Commissions, Medical Officers of Health, Germ Proof Filters, etc., etc., but, these notwithstanding, the outbreak of epidemics proves that the question of a pure water supply is far from settled. The periodicity of these water-borne diseases emphasises the necessity of the liquid we must necessarily drink being so treated that we may derive from it the utmost benefit, and run no danger of imbibing disease.

In the South African war, we learn that out of 21,007 deaths, 12,664 were due to disease in some form or another, but principally to enteric fever—a water-borne disease. One well-known writer says: "The powerful ravages of this disease ought surely to have impressed its dangers upon us, and its direct relation to dirt and **foul water.** The full number of its victims has been kept from the public, but it exceeds 13,000, and nearly a quarter of these persons have died."

During the winter (1904-5) typhoid fever broke out in Lincoln, and by March 800 cases had been notified, and there were 40 deaths. The germs of typhoid were found in the public water supply.

Again, in Southwark, a populous London district, we learn that an outbreak of typhoid fever produced 100 cases of disease in less than a fortnight. It may be urged that such outbreaks are due in some measure to the insanitary conditions which people living in congested areas find it difficult to avoid, but we need only remember that in the middle of November, 1900, the Czar of Russia, the ruler of millions of people, able to command all the resources of civilisation, was laid low with typhoid fever **caused through drinking impure water.** When crowned heads are attacked by this insidious disease, how easy must be its propagation amongst those who cannot live amidst the highest sanitary conditions.

These startling facts serve as a profound warning, and point to the absolute necessity of using **pure** water for drinking purposes. To-day cities, towns, and villages empty their sewage, reeking filth, slops, rotten animal and vegetable matter into our rivers, lakes and streams. It is true, admirable arrangements are made for the filtration of the water, but even this is not sufficient to purify it and rob it of its mineral matter and disease germs. Even when living in what seem to be favourable surroundings one cannot be sure of a pure water supply. "Never drink ordinary water" is the advice of more than one eminent physician

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("Larry Lynx" of The People, and "Magpie" of The Globe.)

There is a Reason.

General curiosity is caused by bookmakers having a rule that telegrams handed in at railway stations must be timed "half an hour" before the race. Elsewhere they may be handed in up to or within two or three minutes previously! What's the prejudice against railway stations?

A Lucky Hunting Ground.

I have just shipped to South Africa, by the s.s. "Inkosi," two two-year-old fillies—"Peckaboo," by "William the Third" from "Light and Gay," and "Cynthia Bright," American bred, by "Hamburg," out of "Belle," for Hon. C. G. Smith. In the inferior company they will meet in that colony, they should assuredly win races. I hear that Niphe and Pourboir, sent out last spring, have gained their first successes, so that EVERYTHING shipped has now won.

Worldly.

In turn, all the lightweight boys who drop out of favour, naturally feel disgusted at "standing down" time after time, and only too readily jump at a chance of going abroad. One can well understand their feelings—especially when it comes immediately after being placed on a high pedestal when a "fashionable" boy claiming the 5lb. allowance.

A Trainer's Wheeze.

The unusual, but neat, way of plaiting 3 or 4ins. of a horse's tail, like Joyner does to his charges, is done to show off their quarters. Other trainers—Darling, for instance—for the same effect generally "pull" a horse's tail, for anything with a big or straggling appendage invariably looks meaner.

"Knowing" a Horse.

No matter how fine a horseman may be, we see, time after time, that he can make nothing like as much of an animal as another jockey who understands and has previously ridden him regularly. Horses really need to know the "coachman" and his ways as much as it is the other way round.

An Owner's Bane.

It is the acceptance that one never thinks of, and the wasted entries, that tell so seriously in ownership. A man *must* enter his horses liberally so as to "have them engaged" when they are ready to run, and yet, as a rule, three out of four nominations cannot be utilised. It is in this sense that race executives gain such a big and unfair advantage, and their object is more and more to make races close earlier to *compel* owners to have their horses entered.

Breaking from Old-time Custom.

I know of at least one prominent Turf patron who will only have jumpers, because they can be quartered near at hand in his own stables, and he can go and look at them practically at *any* time. His flat racers, however, shelved at Newmarket, can only be seen at certain limited hours, so that if he is probably able to motor down and call on his trainer say, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, it is to find that, by the absurd rule of custom, he cannot disturb his own horses except at stereotyped hours.

Prophetic.

There is just time to-day (Thursday) to "hang on" to two of this season's terrible disappointments in Relish for the Folkestone Handicap and

Lady Ormonde

in the Welter. Both can, and perhaps may, win. A better thing still, however, is

Aubergine

in the Earlsfield Handicap at Hurst Park on Friday, with danger from Sir Perigord, who, however, is more likely to wait for Saturday's Vyner Handicap. In the Champion Sprint Handicap I would believe in

Glasgerion,

who is such a good-class horse and so well suited by the top of the ground.

DAILY 'DOUBLE' INDICATOR

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The following are "results" from Saturday, July 17; to Saturday, Aug. 14.

	July 17, PEACH, 100-14 won.		CRUSADER, 6-1 won.
	July 19, ARCADIO, 5-1 won.		SMUGGLER, 5-1 won.
	July 20, EUDORUS, 6-1 won.		NEBULY, 5-1 won.
A	July 21, CECIL FRAIL, 100-8 won.		ESPANITA, 4-1 won.
BIG	July 22, FAITHFUL DON, 5-1 won.		GERA, 4-1 won.
RUN	July 23, WELL DONE, 5-1 won.		FOND MEMORIES, 6-1 won.
OF	July 24, MARCHESSA, 5-2 won.		JOHN SPLENDID, 6-4 won.
BIG	July 27, SERAPHINE, 10-1 won.		HYMETTUS, 2nd.
WINS.	July 28, LAGOS, 6-1 won.		DANDY BIRD, 8-1 won.
and	July 29, CARROUSEL, 9-2 won.		BERNARD, 33-1 2nd.
	July 30, LOUVIGNY, 10-1 3rd.		SUCCOUR, 7-1 won.
STILL	July 31, BUSHRANGER, 8-1 won.		AMADEUS, 12-1 won.
GOING	Aug. 2, QUICKSEAVE, 6-1 won.		CARBINEER, 5-2 won.
GREAT	Aug. 3, MOCASSIN, 7-1 won.		SUNSPOT, 5-1 won.
GUNS.	Aug. 4, OSIRIS, 10-1 won.		WELBURY, 2nd.
	Aug. 5, A POOR DAY.		
	Aug. 6, GRIMNET, 4-1 won.		GAELIC MONK, 4-1 won.
	Aug. 7, QUEEN MOTHER, 6-4 won.		LUCY II., 4-1 won.
BRAVO:	Aug. 9, STAMINA, 10-1 2nd.		HANDSPUN, 6-1 won.
BRAVO:	Aug. 10, SCOTCH PLAID, 8-1 won.		POKLEWSKI, 8-1 won.
BRAVO:	Aug. 11, HACKLERS GLOW, 10-1 won.		AVENGER, 3-1 won.
BRAVO:	Aug. 13, OUT-OF-SIGHT, 4-1, 2nd.		BAGOTSTOWN, 4-1, 2nd.
BRAVO:	Aug. 14, BROTHER BILL, 5-1 won.		SHAMPOO, 3-1 won.

"ONE OF MANY PATRONS" writes: "I only commenced on Saturday, July 17th, and with a few half-crowns won on that day over £32 clear profit. It is cool" "VANITY FAIR" says:—"The greatest money-making inspiration of the age."

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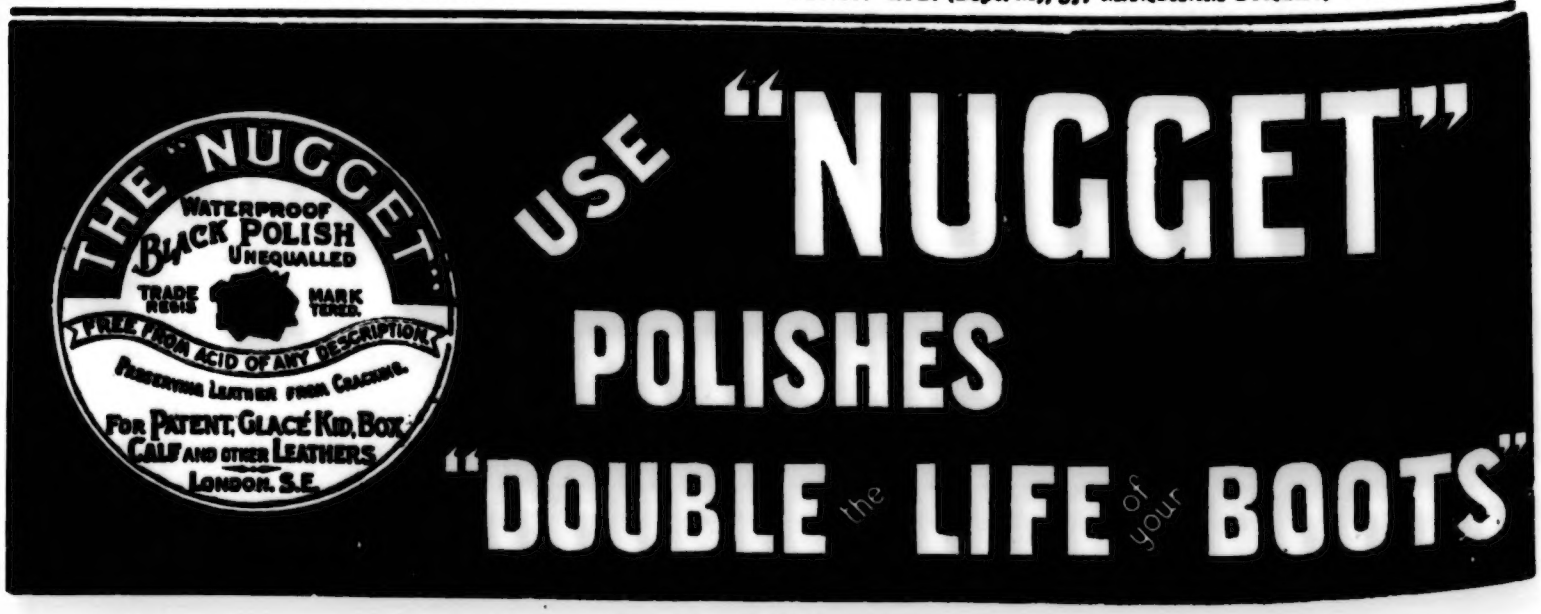

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The following claims have been received for the issue of July 3rd:—

R. G. Gonyeau, 15, Montfort House, Victoria Park Square, Bethnal Green, E. (No. 119184—July 3rd.)

Boros Simons, 81, Kitchener Road, Forest Gate, E. (No. 150329—July 3rd.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 17th:—

9; 2664; 14890; 19137; 30810; 42576; 47984; 58313; 63851; 71662; 73437; 77225; 87260; 88168; 88788; 97165; 102190; 103334; 104914; 109038; 110390; 126545; 131563; 139255; 146415; 147303; 163007; 167431; 180793; 187012; 190074; 196284; 196855; 197847; 198367; 201168; 205196; 211264; 216387; 216957; 218482; 224272; 231382; 232931; 236059; 241226; 245324; 267473; 267969; 275426.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 25th (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 23rd.)

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The "SPORTSMAN" says:—

Mr. Douglas Stuart has "NO LIMIT," and, moreover, allows "Place Betting," even when the Favourite starts at "Odds ON," which is a point distinctly in favour of the backer.

The "JOCKEY" says:—

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The "NORTH MAIL" says:—

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Mr. Douglas Stuart, of 102-104, New Oxford Street, London, W., is a Commission Agent whose very acceptable rule is to bet with "NO LIMIT." He paid out 100 to 1 over Signorinetta's Derby, and throughout the forthcoming Season will pay the full quoted odds. We advise everyone to apply immediately for his terms, as his system of doing business leaves nothing to be desired.

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